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ALABAMA WOMEN IN LITERATURE.

—BY—

MARY LAFAYETTE ROBBINS.

“

“If a book come from the heart, it will contrive to reach other hearts: all art and authorcraft are of small amount to that.”—CARLYLE.



1895.

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INTRODUCTION.



The making of this book has been a labor of love.

The purpose of the volume is to make known the efforts Alabama women are putting forth in behalf of intellectual development; to show what they have wrought in literature; and, incidently, to disprove the premises which lie at the root of all misgivings concerning the future of womanhood.

In regard to the woman question the prophecies of yesterday have become the realities of to-day.

The intellect of woman has been awakened, and her energies have been quickened to an extent but dimly foreshadowed when the first institutions for her higher education were founded. The vision of a seer, or the acumen of a savant are no longer required, to discern the changed conditions which confront her in the closing years of the nineteenth century.

It is the opinion of the writer that the recipients of its advantages may find opportunities for usefulness in distinctively womanly directions. The facts, herein recorded, are presented as arguments in favor of this position.

INTRODUCTION.

The idea, that greater privileges, and graver responsibilities have evolved a new woman, radically different from the original one, is altogether a mistake. An error, which has tempted woman into paths, for which she is by nature unfitted. But evidences of misdirected forces may be found in every era of unrest; and no student of history will regard such instances a rational basis for doubting that "the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe."

The one, wholesome truth, embodied in the so-called woman problem, is the fact that idleness is subversive of the well-being of every individual. Out of this truth arises a query worthy of every thoughtful woman's consideration. The question, what may she do without stepping outside of her proper environment.

It is not within the scope of this undertaking to deal with the various phases of the question, but simply to point out a field of labor which unquestionably appertains to her sphere of action.

In his essay on culture, Mathew Arnold, speaking of Lessing and Herder, says: "Generations will pass, and literary monuments will accumulate, and works far more perfect than the works of Lessing and Herder will be produced in Germany; and yet the names of these two men will fill a German with a reverence and enthusiasm such as the names of the most gifted masters will hardly awaken. And why? Because they *humanized* knowledge; because they broadened the basis of life and intel-

INTRODUCTION

ligence; because they worked powerfully to make reason and the will of God prevail."

The work, inaugurated by these two eminent critics in the eighteenth century, is being carried on in the present, by the movement which finds its expression in literary organizations. These clubs afford opportunities for activity essentially adapted to the capacities and limitations of woman.

The number of literary clubs, composed entirely of women, reveals how thoroughly the modern woman appreciates such an outlet for her energies.

Thirty years ago Alabama womanhood could claim only one representative in the world of letters—Augusta Evans Wilson. The material, of which this volume is largely composed, shows how rapidly the advantages of higher education, and the exigencies of a more complex life have developed a tendency in the direction of literature.

This striking contrast, between the past and the present, plainly indicates that the woman of the future will seek employment in womanly ways.

The present account of the literary clubs of the State, if not a complete record, is the most comprehensive one hitherto compiled.

The list of contributors, though it does not include every well-known name, comprises a goodly number. Grateful acknowledgment is made to the clientele, who have so cordially responded to every demand upon their time and talents.

M. LaF. R.

Selma, Alabama, November, 1895.

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RECORD OF CLUBS.

“ There are many virtues in books—but the essential value is the adding of knowledge to our stock, by the record of new facts, and, better, by the record of institutions, which distribute facts, and are the formulas which supersede all histories.”—Emerson.

THE ALABAMA FEDERATION OF LITERARY CLUBS.

In February, 1895, the President, Vice-President, and Secretary of the Cadmean Circle invited the women's literary clubs of Alabama to send representatives to a convention in Birmingham, for the purpose of forming a State Federation.

Mrs. J. C. Hildreth, in the Boston Woman's Journal, says:

“ On April 17, representatives from various clubs in the State, all purely literary, convened in Birmingham, in order to form a State Federation. The call was made by the Cadmean Circle, of Birmingham, a club of seven years' growth, and a brilliant coterie of intellectual women, who would do honor to any city. Birmingham might be called a city of clubs, its organizations are so numerous.

Selma, Tuscaloosa, Montgomery, and New Decatur sent representatives.

The Convention met in the parlors of the Presbyterian church on the South Highlands, one of the aristocratic suburbs. Mrs. Geo. C. Ball, President of the Cadmean Circle, welcomed the guests in a cordial and winning manner. The writer replied on behalf of the clubs. Mrs. Sterling A. Wood, of Montgomery, was elected President of the Convention, and fully justified the choice by the tact and dignity with which she presided. A very earnest and full discussion of the purposes of the convention was had on the first day. Arguments for and against federation were advanced, Miss Mary LaFayette Robbins, of Selma, reading a strong paper in favor of the movement. A number of subjects which were inimical to the success of a federation were brought forward, and thoroughly and sensibly talked over. The State Federation was fully organized, however, with Miss Mary LaFayette Robbins, of Selma, as President; Mrs. Geo. B. Eager, of Montgomery, Vice-President; Mrs. John D. Wyker, of Decatur, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Geo. L. Haven, of Birmingham, Recording Secretary; and Mrs. Sterling A. Wood, of Montgomery, Treasurer.

Upon request of Mrs. Sterling A. Wood, who occupied the chair, representatives gave a brief account of the organization, literary and social features, and other matters of interest pertaining to their respective clubs.

Mrs. Wyker reported for the Progressive Culture Club, of Decatur; Mrs. Geo. B. Eager for the No Name Club, of Montgomery; Miss Katharine Holley for the Thursday Literary Circle, of Selma; Mrs. W. C. Jemison for the Kettledrum, of Tuscaloosa; Mrs. Geo. M. Cruikshank for the Clionian Circle; Mrs. Geo. C. Ball for the Cadmean Circle; Mrs. R. D. Johnston for the Book Club;

and Mrs. Joseph McLester for the literary societies of the Pollock-Stephens Institute.

A general discussion of Southern literature, led by Miss Allen, took place just before the close of the convention.

The writer does not remember to have ever attended a convention which was more delightful, pleasanter in its disagreements, and more lovely in its harmony; differing in lively interest, and settling down solidly and frankly when a decision was reached. It is a bright picture in memory; the graceful, intelligent women who sat in that cosy hall, the light from the beautiful stained glass windows falling upon the many brilliant eyes and sweet womanly faces, and touching with tender pathos the intent, earnest figures."

The constitution and by-laws adopted by the convention was as follows:

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.

This Association shall be known as the Alabama Federation of Women's Literary Clubs.

ARTICLE II.

Its object shall be to bring together for mutual help, for intellectual improvement, and for social union the different Women's Literary Clubs of the State.

ARTICLE III.—MEMBERSHIP.

Section 1. Clubs desiring to join the Federation must make application for membership, accompanied by their constitution and by-laws, to the corresponding secretary, subject to the approval of the executive board.

Sec. 2. Constitutions of clubs applying for membership must show that their purpose is not sectarian or political, but distinctively literary or scientific.

Sec. 3. Individual clubs only shall be eligible to join the State Federation. Clubs in their associated capacity, as city or sectional leagues, shall not be eligible.

ARTICLE IV.

The meeting of the State Federation shall take place every year in the month of May. The place and date of meeting shall be decided by the executive board.

ARTICLE V.—OFFICERS.

The general officers shall consist of a president, vice-president, recording secretary, corresponding secretary, and treasurer, and a director for each club, to be selected by each club. These shall constitute the executive board, which shall transact any business that may be required, and make a full report at each meeting.

ARTICLE IV.

This constitution may be amended at any meeting of the State Federation, the proposed amendments having been submitted for approval to the board of directors, and notice of the same appended to the call of the meeting.

BY-LAWS.

I. This Association shall not, as a whole, become auxiliary to any organization without the unanimous concurrence of the clubs comprising the State Federation, but any individual club belonging to the Federation may do so.

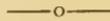
II. The general officers shall be elected annually. No woman shall hold office for more than two consecutive terms.

III. The annual dues for each club shall be an assessment of one dollar for every ten members.

IV. A quorum of the executive board shall consist of five members.

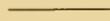
V. These by-laws may be amended at any meeting of the State Federation by a two-thirds vote, notice of the proposed amendments having been appended to the call of the meeting; or, without such previous notice, the by-laws may be amended at any annual meeting by unanimous vote.

The constitution and by-laws were signed by representatives of the following clubs: Highland Book Club, Cadmean Circle, Clionian Circle, Pollock-Stephens Alumni Association, Hippocrenean Literary Society, Pierian Literary Society of Birmingham, No Name Club, of Montgomery, Progressive Culture Club of Decatur, Thursday Literary Circle, of Selma.



THE CADMEAN CIRCLE.

MRS. JOSEPH McLESTER.



CHRONICLES OF THE CADMEAN CIRCLE—THE PIONEER CLUB OF BIRMINGHAM—FOUNDED BY MRS. WILLIAM HARDIE.

CHAPTER I.

To the Women of the South, Greeting:

Peace be multiplied unto you, and wisdom showered upon you! Be it known unto you, that a decree hath gone forth that the book of the Chronicles of the Cadmean Circle be given unto me to open and write therein, all that which hath befallen this band of women since that autumn day when first they said one to another, "Come,

let us seek for wisdom as for hid treasure." All their studies and that which they have done must I write therein with the pen of truth.

Now it came to pass, that there arose in Uncle Sam's Land, a fair city, guarded on the north and on the south by the everlasting hills. And the fame of that city had gone abroad, for it was said that Pactolus with its glittering sands, encompassed it about, and many were the men who came hither with their flocks and herds, their wives and little ones. And lo! from the bowels of the earth they drew vast treasures until many of them were become as Cræsus, for riches.

Now it was in the year eighteen hundred and eighty-eight, in the last year of the reign of Grover, Thomas Seay being Governor, and nearly a score of years having passed over that great city, that it came to pass that one fair woman, who dwelt therein, said to her friends and neighbors, "Go to, let us establish among ourselves a society, that we may aid each other in our search for wisdom whose price is above rubies." And it was done as she had said, and they called themselves "The Saturday Literary Circle," which they did afterwards change to "The Cadmean Circle". A score and a half did they number of women of most excellent understanding. And they said, "The minds of young maidens are prone to levity as the sparks fly upward; therefore we will have no foolish virgins among us; but choose for our members, women of sobriety and discretion." And they cast lots for officers to rule over them; and they chose for leader, Cynthia Stephens, a learned and discreet woman. And they said unto her, "Come now we beseech thee, and guide our eager steps in wisdom's ways,

and we will give thee a certain sum of money, for verily the laborer is worthy of his hire." Now when she had consented, they took counsel together and said, "There is much learning in these days. Of the making of many books, there is no end. They are for number, as the red-hued leaves that fall in Vallombrosa. What then shall we study for our instruction, and upon whose words shall we meditate?" And it was said, "Lo! here is one, Shakspeare, a quaint fellow, full of wit and wisdom. Have not the people of all nations crowned him with an unfading wreath of bay? And shall it not profit us to study this poet?" And with one accord, they all consented; and for eight moons, one day in every seven, did they meet and meditate upon his marvelous words. And their custom was to assemble themselves together at the house of each woman of the Circle in her turn, and she, with whom they did meet, spread for them, each time, a feast.

Now, when on the rosary of the year, the months had been counted o'er until they come to June, the Month of Roses, they did disband until the cool winds of autumn should blow again. But first they made a great feast, and bid thereto, their husbands and friends. And the hours took unto themselves wings and flew away, full of pleasure, like bees, from a flower garden, laden with honey.

Now, when in the beginning of this year, they cast lots for officers to rule over them, the first lot fell on Lucy Martin, whom they made President; and for Vice-President, the lot fell on Susan Hardie; and for the Keeper of the Records, on Margaret Ward.

CHAPTER II.

And now when the harvest time had come, once more did this band of women assemble themselves together. And they had for leader that year, Alice Woodward, a woman "Wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove." And she said unto them, "I have been one of those who have gone down to the sea in great ships. I have been a stranger in many strange lands. I have stood in the streets of Rome, the Eternal City. I have viewed her wondrous ruins. I have pondered the words of her wise men, and shall we not gain much knowledge by the study of that which hath befallen this mighty Empire?" And they all said unto her, "Do unto us that which seemeth good in thy sight." And they applied themselves diligently to learn. And they saw, as in a glass, the little village on the yellow Tiber, grow into the Mistress of the World. They saw her legions bear their eagles on to victory. They spake with her wise men and her men of valor. They gazed in wonder at her Coliseum, and at Nero's gilded house, and they trembled when they saw her, hoary with antiquity, totter from her throne, and "fall, like Lucifer, never to hope again." And when they would again bid each other farewell for a season, they made a banquet as before, and with mirth and laughter and friendly words, they parted the one from the other.

Now the officers for this second year, were: Margaret Sage, President; Emma Johnston, Vice-President; and Margaret Ward, Secretary and Treasurer.

CHAPTER III.

And now, behold! the trees had put on their garments of red and gold, and the hoar frost had slain the flowers when these women said among themselves, "Is

not this the appointed season when we shall begin anew to seek wisdom?" And when they were gathered together, they chose for leader, one, Ella Allen, a wise woman and "comely as the tents of Kedar." And she said, "An hundred years ago, there lived many mighty and wise men. The wisdom which they have garnered up for us, shall we not avail ourselves of it, and by meditation upon their words, make it our own?" And they made answer, "As thou sayest, O Ella, will we do." And they began with one, Pope, who was esteemed a mighty man of letters in those days, and then they passed on to Goldsmith, to Garrick, the great actor, to Johnson, the sage and critic, to the melancholy Cowper, and to that gentle Lamb, whose name did so fittingly represent his character, to that strange genius Swift, to Addison, to Dryden, and to divers writers of novels, to a certain Walter Scott, and to that great poet, who "touched his harp and nations stood entranced."

Now, whenever the women of the circle agreed not among themselves, touching any of these matters, then did the leader appoint a time to reason together concerning the subject. And she did choose from their number women excellent in wisdom and skillful in warfare to speak. And they bore in their hands the spear of argument, while their quivers were full of the arrows of eloquence. And judges had they to decide the matter. Now it entered into the heart of Ella, the leader, to make these women like unto Demosthenes for eloquence, and she said, "There be many among them who wield the pen of a ready writer, why not also the tongue of a ready speaker? To this end shall they speak before me, without Preparation, on subjects which I shall give them."

Four trembling women did she name; and when they heard their doom they quaked with fear and said, "These be the times which try men's souls." And behold, when the day had come they appeared, arrayed in festal garments, even as the sacrificial lamb is decked with flowers. But when their friends and companions beheld their countenances, they marveled, for anguish of spirit was written thereon, and in their glossy ringlets were streaks of gray.

Their locks were grey, but not with years;
 There came this streak
 In a single week
 That did bespeak their direful fears.
 Selah!

And lo! now did they find that they had affrighted themselves at a shadow, for when they opened their mouths and spake, their words were as "apples of gold in pictures of silver." And when they had once more spread a feast, and made merry with their friends and neighbors, they separated for a time.

And when they did cast their lots for officers in this third year, the first lot fell on Susan Hardie, the second lot on Anna McLester, and for Scribe, they had again Margaret Ward.

CHAPTER IV.

And now for the fourth time did the women of the Circle assemble themselves together, saying, "Behold, the winter is at hand, for already the north wind calleth to the east wind, and the flowers hang their heads at the sound thereof. Now will we begin again to satisfy our thirsty souls with large draughts of knowledge." And

with one accord, they chose again the wise Ella to guide them. And they did study first the lines of one, Thomas Moore, whose honeyed words ravish the ears of mankind. And they pondered on the words of Keats, and mourned for his untimely fate, murdered by the pen of harsh critics. And they sighed over the noble genius of Shelley, marred by dreary atheism. And they meditated also on the words of Leigh Hunt and Landor. And their hearts glowed with pride as they set themselves to observe those wise women,—Jane Austen, Jane Porter, Maria Edgeworth, and Hannah Moore.

And now they come to those men to whom the truths of science are made clear; Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, and Maury; and as they considered their words and saw how the secrets of the great deep were made known, how the mysteries of the heavens were brought to light, and the foundations of the earth laid bare; they were filled with awe. And they said, "There have been mighty and wise men in the church militant,—Hall, Maurice, Kingsley, Chalmers, Whately, and Arnold. Let us now observe the manner of their lives, that we may learn likewise to "justify the ways of God to man." And those men who have told us the true story of principalities and powers, Macaulay and Carlyle, let us study their words also, that we may know what hath befallen the nations of the earth." Then did they apply themselves diligently to the study of those writers known among men as philosophers. They did reason with Hume, and sought with mighty efforts to find the true inwardness of Mills, of Lewes, of Reed and of Hamilton, until their brains did reel, and reason well nigh tottered on her throne. And they sought out that which was "pure and lovely and of

good report" in the Lake School poets, until Southey and Wordsworth and Coleridge had become their familiar friends. Now the rulers in this fourth year were; Sarah Bush, President; Anna McLester, Vice-President, and Margaret Ward, Scribe.

CHAPTER V.

Now it came to pass in the ninth month, the fifteenth day of the month, that these women came together again, and again they chose for leader, the woman well favored and wise, who had guided their footsteps aforesaid. And she consented, saying, "I accept the trust, O well beloved, and together will we ponder over the words of the wise men, who have gone before us. We will write them upon the tablets of our hearts until the light of wisdom shall shine in our faces like unto a lamp that is concealed in a vase of alabaster." And they did study Charlotte Bronte, and her sisters, and George Eliot, and those other great writers, whose magic pens have found the secret springs of laughter and of tears,—Dickens, Thackeray, Reade and Bulwer. And they pondered long on the words of Browning, and yielded themselves willing captives to the charm of Tennyson. And those mighty men of letters, who form Germany's crown of glory, upon their words also did they meditate,—Goethe, and Schiller, and other lesser lights. And they said, "We will see also why it is that France doth boast herself of Voltaire, of Lamartine, of Dumas, of Victor Hugo, and Feuillet, and many others." And from the store house of Scandinavian thought they drew treasures also, as they read the words of Ibsen and of Hans Christian Anderson. And after they had tarried there for a

season, they went their way to the frozen steppes of Russia, and they considered the words of Turgenieff, and hearkened unto the voice of Tolstoi as he proclaimed the brotherhood of man. And divers other writers of books found they in that land.

Then said these women, "We wot well that our own country is not one whit behind these distant lands in sages, in philosophers, and in poets. Let us seek them out." And they brought to light the early writers of America. They lingered over the words which Irving spake, and their hearts swelled with pride as they said of Bryant and Whittier, of Longfellow, of Lowell, of Emerson and of Poe, "Lo! these are Americans." And with Whitman and Riley, with Bret Harte and Mark Twain did they study; also, with our own Father Ryan and Peck and Lanier. And they found among their own wise men many whom we call historians,—Prescott and Bancroft and Motley, and many writers of novels found they also,—Holmes and Holland and Hawthorne, and a multitude of others whom space doth fail me to tell of. And they rejoiced when they saw how many women in that favored land had written with the pen of a ready writer, words of wisdom and of beauty as Augusta Evans Wilson, Constance Fenimore Woolson, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and many others.

Now the time having again drawn nigh when they should look no more upon each others faces for a season, they made again a feast after the manner of former years. And the officers whom the people chose to rule over them in this fifth year were: Anna McLester, President; Annie Henley, Vice-President; and Margaret Ward, Scribe.

CHAPTER VI.

And now, when the full corn was ripe in the ear, and the voice of the reaper was heard in the land, again did this band of women gather themselves together and begin anew to seek knowledge. And they said, "We will consider those men whom the world calls actors—those men who hold the mirror up to nature. We will study the drama, from its beginning in the misty past in ancient Greece and Rome to the present day. The great lights of the stage will we seek out, and observe the manner of their lives, nor will we neglect those lesser lights who still go in and out among us. And those women who have shed luster on our sex in this profession, we will give all honor to them also. And all that is remarkable or strange that doth befall the children of men from day to day, both in our own land and those far countries beyond the sea, will we consider also. One week in every month will we give to current events. And many were the things both pleasant and instructive they put into those weeks. Many new books did they review, many discussions had they among themselves concerning those questions which vex the souls of men in this day and generation.

Now the officers in the sixth year were: Annie Henley, President; Ella Going, Vice-President and Bertha Jones, Secretary and Treasurer.

CHAPTER VII.

And now when the summer had flown, and harvest time had come, for the seventh time did the women of the Cadmean Circle assemble themselves and take counsel together as to what path in wisdom's realms their eager

feet should tread. And they hearkened unto the voice of the learned woman who had been their guide for four years. And she opened her mouth and spake unto them, saying, "Is not the soul infinitely greater than the body and the material objects which surround us? Shall it not profit us therefore to study diligently the soul and the laws which govern its existence? And so they put themselves to a consideration of Psychology. And they discoursed eloquently concerning the memory, the will, the imagination, and all that pertains to the spirit of man. With visions and dreams they entertained themselves also; and they sought to find out the meaning of that strange farce, called hypnotism, with its relation to crime and its power for healing. Nor did they neglect current events this year, but at one meeting in every four, did they speak among themselves, as aforetime, concerning these matters of interest in the great world.

Now they had for rulers this seventh year: Harriet Ball, President, Lucy London, Vice-President; and Caroline Lovell, Scribe.

THE HIGHLAND BOOK CLUB OF BIRMINGHAM

A MEMBER OF THE CLUB.

The Highland Book Club, of Birmingham, is yet in its infancy, having just passed its first anniversary. But there can be no doubt that it has already gone beyond the limits set for it in its first inception. Then, it was designed as a book club, pure and simple, for the purchase of new books of general interest, to be read in turn

by the members, and finally drawn by lot. In connection with which, as rather an incidental feature, it was proposed to hold semi-monthly meetings for social, and some slight literary diversion. As time went on, however, these meetings deepened in interest, the members became ambitious for the club to take on a wider culture, until now, the purchased books, while still read with interest and enjoyment, play a minor part in the club life.

The initial meetings were occupied with alternate discussions of representative American women, and American poets, usually concluding with a paper on current events. The series ended with the famous transcendentalists of New England, and a consideration of the Brook Farm experiment.

There must needs be an endless making of books, since the taste of the great omnivorous reading world is so varied and complex. One wants nothing but Carlyle, Emerson, Adam Smith, and Buckle, while, to another these vigorous minds are a weariness to the flesh, and nothing but novels will suffice. One has a mental palate for only history and biography, while still another is greedy for all. So, even in such a limited organization as this, numbering only a score, there was found appreciative recognition for nearly every book which had been selected. Strong's "New Era" and Drummond's "Ascent of Man," however, easily took the lead for popular favor; but Conan Doyle, Hall Caine, Boyesen, Blackmore, Sidney Lanier, Miss Wilkins, and others, were not without strong adherents.

A committee is appointed for the selection of books, which is found to be by no means an easy task, inasmuch as many new books are called but few can be chosen.

Another committee has the selection and arrangement of a programme for the meetings of the year, which is published in neat pamphlet form for convenient reference.

This year's prospectus embraces such subjects as American inventions, educational systems, philanthropists and novelists, Central America and the great canal, Mexico, Spain, China, Scandinavia, and other topics of equal interest.

Nothing having been more clearly demonstrated than that "a little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of women," an occasional meeting is given up to such form of light diversion as may best suit the hostess who is entertaining, and indeed, there is never wanting a spice of fun in any of the fortnightly gatherings.

The *esprit de corps* of this club is thought, by the members at least, to be singularly fine. At the outset it was determined that a staunch club loyalty should be maintained, and everything like carping criticism or harsh unfriendly comment should be kept down, and the result is a frankness and spontaneity in the papers and discussions which promises delightful possibilities for the future.

THE CLIONIAN LITERARY CIRCLE OF BIRMINGHAM.

MRS. GEO. M. CRUIKSHANK.

The Clionian Literary Circle was organized in November, '94, under the name of the Happy Thoughts Club. Its object then was chiefly social pleasure. The meetings were held weekly at the homes of the members, the topics of the day were discussed, and a literary

programme mapped out for the next meeting. Early in the spring it was decided to extend the reading, and make the club more literary than social. In pursuance of this idea, the name of the club was changed to the Clionian Literary Circle, with the unanimous approval of the members.

The number of members at present is fifteen, but it has been decided to enlarge the membership to twenty. At the beginning of the first series officers were elected, and the members became intent upon real study.

The work done by the club during the first two series was the study of "Sloane's Life of Napoleon," including the lives of the famous men and women of that time. The officers of the club are: Mrs. Robert Cunningham, President; Mrs. C. B. Spencer, Vice-President; Mrs. Geo. M. Cruikshank, Secretary.

In April last, the Clionian Literary Circle joined the State Federation of Women's Clubs, which was organized in Birmingham at that time.

Mrs. Robert Cunningham, in *The New Cycle*, says of the Clionians: "Although, when organizing the little circle, I had no idea of making literary work its special feature, yet the trend of each succeeding meeting showed plainly that such was the desire of its members. At a called meeting a committee of three was appointed to frame a constitution, project a line of study, and choose a name for the club. Within a fortnight we found ourselves a thoroughly organized and earnest body of workers, having chosen history as the field of study. The method of study adopted by the Clionians is a difficult one, but the fact became patent, ere many weeks had elapsed, that its exercise increased the interest and

developed the intellectual acumen of the individual in proportion to her effort, and that it stimulated every member of the club to maintain a standard in which genuineness and thoroughness of study, and purity and elegance of diction, are demanded.

The social feature of our meetings has, from the outset, been highly enjoyable, largely due to the fact that a free and friendly discussion of all topics pertinent to the work in hand has been encouraged and indulged in with a freedom altogether charming.

ST. PAUL'S BIBLICAL AND LITERARY SOCIETY OF BIRMINGHAM.

MISS MARY A. CAHALAN.

St. Paul's Biblical and Literary Society was formed in September, 1894. A constitution was adopted, and the following officers were elected: Miss Cahalan, President; Miss Downey, Secretary and Treasurer.

The membership of the Society was not limited, and there were about forty charter members.

This society, for convenience, was subdivided into smaller circles, each having a president, and secretary, and a membership limited to ten.

Two delegates from the small circles are appointed to attend, at regular periods, the meetings of the central society; otherwise each circle is as independent as though a separate and distinct body.

The union with the central society is not only for the strengthening influences of association, but also, for the purpose of adopting an uniform and systematic plan of study along Biblical lines.

The general course of study includes Church History and the Sacred Scriptures, the groundwork being the Old Testament with all the literature that can be grouped about the subject.

In addition to this course, the smaller circles may take up any subject the members desire. These circles are known in the central society by numbers.

Circle number one, of St. Paul's Biblical and Literary Society, is a member of the State Federation of Literary Clubs. It was formed in September, 1894, with a membership of ten. This limited number is composed entirely of ladies, but the list of honorary members includes several gentlemen.

Besides Church History, for the first five centuries, the course of study for the past year may be briefly outlined as follows: Early English Literature, the Saxons in their Old Homestead, the Invasion of England, its Conversion, the Poems of Beowulf, and Caedmon; also several of Shakespeare's plays, from a literary, historical and religious standpoint.

The year's work has also extended to current events, embracing social, industrial, religious and political topics.

In this course of study the members of the circle have prepared some fine papers, and manifested a decided taste for the best products of the world of letters.

It is the purpose of the officers to change the name of the circle, increase its membership, and add to its

foundation study a literary prospectus, which will enable the circle to take a worthy place among the sister clubs of the State.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY CLUB OF
BIRMINGHAM.

MRS. JOHN LONDON.

The Nineteenth Century Club, composed of twenty young ladies of the South Highlands, was organized in August, 1895.

The club was formed at the instance of Miss Hannah Elliott, and the first meeting was held at her residence. With the assistance of a leader, a constitution was framed, a course of study arranged, and a plan of work matured.

As the club was made up, almost entirely, of young ladies who had recently finished a study of the standard authors, the members decided to take up the writers of the present day in connection with current events. The officers of the club are: a president, who assigns the work; a secretary and treasurer; and a leader.

The meetings are held every Wednesday afternoon at the homes of the members. The regular programme consists of quotations from the author for the occasion, original papers and selected readings, and a general discussion of the subject under consideration.

Each member is required to study the topic for the meeting. The membership of the Nineteenth Century

Club comprises the following young ladies: Misses Ada Johnston, Eloise Johnston, Emma Leedy, Rosa Sloss, Malisa Moore, Margaret Smith, Kate Meade, Estelle John, Hannah Elliott, Rinnie Leigh Head, Bertha Koenig, Daisy Lewis, Fannie Meade, Augusta Sharpe, Nellie Blackwood, and Julia Ward.

THE PIERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY OF
BIRMINGHAM.

MISS MAY BELLE SLOSS.

HISTORY OF THE PIERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY OF THE
POLLOCK-STEPHENS INSTITUTE.

In 1890, the Hippocrenean Literary Society of the Pollock-Stephens Institute, of Birmingham, was founded. The following year the society was divided, the one part, bearing the name of "Pierian," the other, the name of the original "Hippocrenean." Since that time the two societies have been entirely separate and distinct, having each their officers and constitution. They, however, have pursued the same courses of study, and given their entertainments jointly.

The object of the Pierian Society has been, and is, to give the members advantages supplementary to their studies in literature, elocution, and music. Study is made of literature in departments, and of authors in their works, by readings, synopses, analyses, discussions, and reports.

Elocution forms a part of the programme of every meeting of the society. By means of these exercises the elocution pupils become familiar with the best selections in poetry and prose, and are able to render their recitations in an intelligent manner.

Music, both vocal and instrumental, is rendered by the music pupils of the Institute at these monthly society meetings, thus giving encouragement to practice, and affording frequent opportunities for performing under the direction of the music teacher.

Each meeting is devoted to an author, or noted event. There have been meetings with the following topics for study and discussion: Longfellow, Southern Literature, Thomas Nelson Page, Margaret J. Preston, Browning, John Ruskin, Alfred Tennyson, Shakespeare's Women, George Peabody, and Oliver Wendell Holmes.

On various occasions the societies have had the pleasure of listening to addresses by able and learned lecturers. One of the most interesting of these lectures was "Five Moonlight Scenes in Europe," by Dr. Jennings, of Georgia. The lectures by Dr. Pickard, Dr. Walker, and Prof. DuBose were also greatly enjoyed. Dr. Meek, of the University of Alabama, delivered an able address before the societies on the "Art of Conversation."

By creating emulation between the societies the members have added greatly to their interest. From time to time subjects have been assigned for contests. One of the most interesting of these occasions was the evening devoted to Shakespearean Women.

It is the custom of the society to have a Current Events meeting now and then. During the past season,

besides other topics of the day, the society has discussed "Trilby," "Hypnotism," "Laws passed by the Alabama Legislature," and the "Destruction of the Elbe."

At different times the members have rendered the following extracts at the meetings of the society: "Pareppa Rosa," "Jeptha's Daughter," scenes from "Merchant of Venice," "King Lear," "Henry IV" and "V,"—a specialty being made of Shakespeare.

Officers are elected annually. The officers at present are: President, Miss May Belle Sloss; Vice President, Miss Kate Eubank; Recording Secretary, Miss Virginia Walker; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Carolyn Morris; Reporter, Miss Florrie Graves; Treasurer, Miss Gracie Smith.

THE KETTLEDRUM OF TUSCALOOSA.

MRS. J. T. SEARCY.

The Kettledrum, an organization composed of thirty married ladies of Tuscaloosa, was founded by Mrs. E. A. C. Snow and Mrs. R. H. Clements in March, 1889.

A preliminary meeting was called for the purpose of discussing the object of the society. The ladies who responded to the invitation decided to adopt no constitution, but to elect a president annually, and to hold meetings semi-monthly, the second and fourth Thursday afternoons of each month, at the homes of the members in alphabetical order.

It was determined that the purpose of the Kettledrum should be the cultivation of sociability among its members, but, in order to make the club somewhat instructive, a motion was made and carried, to select a poet or author from whom quotations should be given as each name on the roll was called.

The first meeting was held at the residence of Mrs. Snow, who was chosen President. Sir Walter Scott was the first subject of study, and the authors subsequently considered were: Longfellow, Burns, Byron, Goldsmith, Thomas Moore, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jean Ingelow, Dickens, Shakespeare, Owen Meredith, Bryant, Edwin Arnold, A. P. Willis, James Russell Lowell, Campbell, Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats, Ruskin, Adelaide Proctor, George Eliot, Washington Irving, Hawthorne, Tennyson, and Thackeray. The poets of our own Southland—Father Ryan, the Poet Priest of the South—A. B. Meek, and Samuel Minturn Peck, were not omitted.

At this period in the history of the Kettledrum, the selections were extended from the sublime to the opposite extreme, including an evening with "Mother Goose." For the sake of variety, subjects of general interest took the place of distinctively literary topics. "The Greatest Thing in the World" was discussed by the thirty loving dames of the Kettledrum, and one of their number, Mrs. B. L. Strudwick, read an entertaining essay on that inspiring theme.

They talk about a woman's sphere,
As though it had a limit—
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
Without a woman in it.

Reversing the commonly accepted order of classification, woman, and then man, next engaged the atten-

tion of the club. On the latter subject Mrs. Belle R. Harrison read a spicy article.

Debates, occasioned perhaps by the discussion of these subjects, next amused and enlivened the club. Some of the questions debated were: "Should Women Vote?" "Was Elizabeth Justifiable in Signing the Death Warrant of Mary Queen of Scots?" "Is Deception Necessary in Society?" "Would the Emigration of the Negro be Beneficial to the South?" "Are There as Good Fish in the Sea as Have Been Caught Out?" and "Is Marriage a Failure?" Music, birds, and flowers were the topics of other meetings. The Japanese and Chinese Kettledrums were novel events. The valentine, Napoleonic, and Trilby meetings were delightful occasions, while the Presidential and Confederate evenings were replete with the history of our own country.

The glimpses of important cities, London, Paris, etc., suggested a not less interesting study, the "Druid City" of Tuscaloosa. The papers read in connection with this subject, by Mrs. W. C. Richardson and Mrs. Ellen Peter Bryce, were full of valuable information.

Situated, as it is, in an University town, the environment of the Kettledrum is peculiarly favorable to the highest intellectual culture. The papers read have represented both research and scholarship; musical and histrionic talent have also been brought out by the meetings.

Mrs. S. J. Leach is the "song bird" of the organization. Mrs. George Searcy, Mrs. Fant, and Mrs. W. C. Fitts have often delighted the club with selections of instrumental music, and Mrs. W. C. Jemison and Mrs. R. H. Nicholson with "rich and rare" recitations.

The Kettledrum continued about one year with no other officer than a president. Then it was decided to abolish even that office, and permit the hostess to invite some friend to conduct the meeting as president *pro tem*.

In January, 1893, it became necessary to have a constitution, president, vice-president, and secretary. A committee of ladies drew up a constitution, which was adopted. Mrs. W. G. Cochrane was elected President, Mrs. A. B. McEachin, Vice-President; and Mrs. J. T. Searcy, Secretary.

The ladies who have succeeded Mrs. Cochrane are ; Mrs. A. B. McEachin, Mrs. A. C. Hargrove, Mrs. Belle R. Harrison, and Mrs. J. T. Searcy. The present presiding officer is Mrs. B. F. Meek.

The membership of the Kettledrum includes several writers of ability. Mrs. Belle R. Harrison's verses have been much sought after by Boston publishers, and her dialect pieces have been pronounced equally fine. Mrs. W. C. Jemison has published a number of exquisite poems also.

The meetings of the Kettledrum have been kept up regularly for nearly six years, with adjournments only during the lenten season and the heated term of each year.

The meetings of the club have been the means of developing the latent executive talent of its members. Many ladies, too timid at one time to speak in any gathering, can now conduct the exercises according to parliamentary rules, with the greatest ease and dignity. The club has been the medium, too, by which the most lasting friendships have been formed. The law of charity has been observed among its members, and no spirit of rivalry or petty jealousy has ever marred its social life. Too

much cannot be said in praise of this delightful organization, which is a household word in the quiet refined little city.

Once during the season, the gentlemen are invited to enjoy with the ladies the annual Kettledrum.

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There is a club in Tuscaloosa, similar to the Kettledrum, called the Hill Literary Circle. It is named in honor of Professor Alonzo Hill, who for so many years taught the young ladies who compose the circle. He, "lured to brighter worlds and led the way."

* * * * *

There are two literary societies in each of the two female colleges of Tuscaloosa, and even the little girls of eight and ten years of age have formed a Rosebud Society. This, also, has for its model the Kettledrum.

THE HILL LITERARY CIRCLE OF TUSCALOOSA.

MISS M. D. WYMAN,

The Alonzo Hill Literary Circle, of Tuscaloosa, was organized in December, 1894.

It was named for the honored President of the Tuscaloosa Female College, an accomplished scholar, who devoted his life to the education of girls.

Its membership consists of thirty young ladies, who were formerly, without exception, pupils of Professor Hill.

The object of the society is to stimulate intellectual growth, and to promote social enjoyment. Its officers, elected every three months, are: a president, a vice-president, and a secretary.

The first officers of the Circle were: Miss Martha Hill, President; Miss Mary Lee Hays, Vice-President; Miss Nela McCalla, Secretary.

The meetings are held semi-monthly at the homes of the members. The programme for each afternoon is arranged by the hostess, and the literary exercises are diversified by vocal and instrumental music.

During the season of 1894-95, the general course of study was as follows: December, Oliver Wendell Holmes; January, the Old Year; February, Dickens, St. Valentine; March, Robert Browning; April, Professional Humorists, Henry W. Longfellow; May, Father Ryan, Tom Moore; June, Burns, Tennyson; July, the Declaration of Independence, Sir Walter Scott.

The Club convenes on the first Thursday in October.

THE SATURDAY SHAKESPEARE CLUB OF GREENSBORO.

MRS. W. W. OVERSTREET.

The Saturday Shakespeare Club, as the name implies, was founded for the express purpose of reading and studying the writings of the "Bard of Avon."

Encouraged by our great love for Shakespeare, we endeavor to interpret the thoughts of him who is the

inexhaustible analyst of the human heart, and the most complete illustrator of men.

To us,

“The plays the thing,
They are the books, the arts, the academies,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.”

I think, though, that sometimes we are sorry that Shakespeare is so deficient in a definite personality, and a vain regret seizes us that in his day there were no magazines to persuade him to write a series of articles on “My Literary Passions,” or “The Man Who Most Influenced Me.” Would Bacon have been accorded that honor, think you?

There are none of us “new women” in the accepted meaning of that term. We have learned from our Master that,

“A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loathed than an effeminate man
In time of action.”

Hereditary influences are the best that could have been transmitted to us, for our originators were two of the most intellectual women in the land—Mrs. T. J. Lawson and Miss Martha Young. They have been an inspiration to the club during its six years of existence.

Our constitution was framed by them, and has often been chosen as a model by other clubs. Our membership is limited to twenty-two, and,

“The chief perfections of our lovely dames,
Would make a volume of enticing lines.”

THE POETS' CIRCLE OF GREENSBORO.

MISS HELEN PASTEUR.

The Poets' Circle was organized February 17th, 1894, by Miss Agnes Young and Mrs. D. P. Christenberry.

At the first meeting of the circle the following officers were elected: Mrs. D. P. Christenberry, President; Miss Agnes Young, Vice-President; Miss Annie Locke, Second Vice-President; Miss Fannie E. Jones, Recording Secretary; Miss Helen Pasteur, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Annie Waller, Treasurer.

The object of the circle is to study the different poets. An executive committee directs the selections and arranges the course of study. Meetings are held weekly, on Saturday afternoons, at the residences of the members. The programme for each meeting is as follows: Roll call, quotations from the poet for the occasion, minutes of last meeting, music or recitations, sketches of the poet's life and writings, essays or criticisms, reading of lesson, announcements.

The circle adjourns for the summer vacation after the first Saturday in June, and resumes work on the first Saturday in October.

The membership of the circle is limited to twenty-three. Four, successive, unexplained absences are considered a forfeiture of membership. Officers are elected annually, at the first regular meeting in October. The election of officers and members is by ballot. The critic of the circle is required to note the incorrect rendering of any passage in the lesson, and to point out all the errors in pronunciation.

THE ROUND TABLE OF DEMOPOLIS.

The Round Table, of Demopolis, was organized November 25th, 1892. The officers elected were: President, Miss L. C. Caldwell; Vice-President, Mrs. Louis Braswell; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Annie Lyon.

The constitution and by-laws adopted were of the simplest character, providing for the annual election of officers, the selection of a committee on prospectus, the regular meetings, every alternate Tuesday, and for occasional social reunions. The first season we studied Shakespeare, using Rolfe's and Kellogg's editions, and all the outside help at our command.

The second year we took an imaginary tour through Europe, including in the route the leading cities with their chief points of interest. The past year we devoted our time to the different dynasties of Europe, beginning with the Romanoff, and ending with the English house of Hanover.

We have not fully arranged our course of study for 1895-96, but contemplate taking up the Renaissance and Modern Art. Besides the substantial work accomplished at each meeting, we have a delightful time socially, simple refreshments being served at the conclusion of the literary programme for the afternoon. We have also an elaborate banquet or reception just before adjourning for the summer vacation.

The club has about twenty members, and still retains the officers elected upon its organization. We have very little "red tape" in our club, but the members unanimously agree that The Round Table is a pleasant and a profitable institution.

L. C. CALDWELL.

THE NEW CENTURY CLUB OF SHEFFIELD.

MRS. T. L. CARTER.

The New Century Club, organized in 1892, is composed entirely of married ladies. The membership of the club is limited to eighteen.

The first two years it was engaged in magazine study; during the Columbian year Spain occupied the attention of the club; and next the history of the United States was taken up.

The season of 1895-96 will be devoted to the consideration of American literature. The regular meetings are held on Thursday afternoon of each alternate week, except during the months of June, July, August, and September. The programme on these occasions consists of an original essay, conversation on the given subject, reading of selections, and a general discussion of current events.

In connection with the literary work, a musical programme is prepared for each meeting by Mrs. J. C. Harris and Mrs. E. L. Reese—the directors of that department.

During the coming season a series of lectures will be given under the auspices of the New Century Club. The prospectus for each year's work is printed in a booklet which includes a copy of the constitution and by-laws.

The members of the club regard its remarkable success as very largely due to their strict adherence to the rules marked out for the government of the organization.

The New Century Club is an enthusiastic band of literary workers. It has been highly complimented by distinguished visitors to the progressive little city, and has, during the brief period of its existence, become an important factor in the intellectual development of Sheffield.

The officers for 1895-96 are: President, Mrs. R. H. Wilhoyte; Vice-President and Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. T. L. Carter; Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. W. S. White.

THE LITERARY CLUBS OF HUNTSVILLE.

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The Chatauqua Literary Circle, of Huntsville, was organized by Mrs. Todd in 1890. The circle is composed of thirty married ladies. Their course of study has embraced Grecian, Roman, English and French literature, and also the plays of Shakespeare.

A tourist's course is mapped out for 1895-96. Mrs. Bolling is the present presiding officer of the circle.

The Pierian Circle is made up of twelve young ladies. Under the direction of a leader they have studied the plays of Sophocles, Æschylus, and Euripides. Their plan of study has included questions on the mythological and historical data of each play—prepared for the circle by the leader. They have accomplished an excellent work.

THE PROGRESSIVE CULTURE CLUB OF DECATUR.

The Woman's Progressive Culture Club, of the Decatur, was called together in January, 1892, by Mrs. Ellen S. Hildreth, at whose residence the meetings are held. A name and simple form of constitution were adopted, and committees on art, literature, music, ethics, and the World's Fair, were formed. The last was eventually dropped, and tourist papers substituted, thus giving opportunity to learn new things through absent members. Current events was also added as a new topic for each day. Each committee is given a day in succession, each programme relating to the subject of the day being relieved by music. Beginning with the first Tuesday in November, meetings are held every alternate Tuesday until the last of May.

For the past two years programmes of the work for the year have been printed the preceding summer, thus giving the members time to prepare original work and read the subjects to be discussed. Programmes for the winter of 1895-6 are now ready for the press. In 1894 the club joined the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and in November of the same year Mrs. Hildreth was sent as a delegate to the A. A. W. at Memphis. This organization was entertained by the Nineteenth Century Club—the oldest woman's club, next to Sorosis. Through the persevering efforts of the founder and Honorary President, Mrs. Hildreth, a book containing original work from each department, beautifully illustrated by the artists of the club, was sent to the World's Fair, where it

was exhibited with others in the space set aside for the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

A meeting of the women's clubs of this state was held in Birmingham last April for the purpose of forming a State Federation. Mrs. Wyker and Mrs. Hildreth were sent as delegates, and Mrs. Wyker had the honor of being elected State Secretary. The Progressive Culture Club is purely a literary and social organization, and its members are interested in all that tends to elevate the intellectual standard of the twin cities. At present they are enthusiastic over a plan for a public library. The officers for the coming year are: President, Miss Mary L. Frey; First Vice-President, Mrs. Lucile B. Godbey; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Theodosia C. Allison; Secretary, Miss Ella Robb, Treasurer, Mrs. Cora P. Scott.

CLUB MEMBER.

THE STUDIOIS OF ANNISTON.

Realizing the strength and force of all organized bodies, for work of any kind, and the advantages to be gained by a course of systematic study, several earnest women met at the home of Mrs. M. H. Frye, on Tyler Hill, in the early fall of 1894, to discuss the importance of organizing a society for the study of literature.

As a result of this effort, a literary society was organized on the 27th of September, with nine members enrolled. The chairman appointed a committee to draft a constitution to be submitted at the next meeting. On the following Saturday a constitution was adopted, and the following officers were elected: Mrs. John B. Knox, President; Mrs. E. R. Smith, Vice-President; Mrs. R. D. Crusoe, Secretary and Treasurer.

The president appointed a committee to prepare a course of study for the year, and this committee decided upon the study of the lives and works of the English poets together with the history of the times in which they lived.

As a guide in this work we obtained Beer's CHAUCER TO TENNYSON, and subscribed for the Chautauquan Magazine. At first our meetings were held fortnightly, but in order to complete the course, we have latterly held them on Thursday afternoon of each week.

After several discussions in regard to a name for our club, we decided to adopt a name suggested by one of our members, THE STUDIOISIS.

Our membership was limited to twenty, and we now have that number of active members. The membership of the club was divided into three committees, each committee to furnish the literary programme for every third meeting, under the direction of the leader appointed by the president for the meeting. We have no salaried leader, but each member has the privilege and responsibility of leading during the year, when appointed by the president.

The programme of the last meeting before the usual adjournment, led by Mrs. O. M. Reynolds, will give some idea of the character of the work done by our club :

Piano Solo—"The Brook".....	Mrs. W. H. Weatherly
Life of Lord Tennyson—"The Laureled King of English singers.....	Mrs. J. S. Burnett
Paper—Comparison of the literature of the Eliza- bethan and Victorian age.....	Mrs. R. D. Crusoe
Reading from In Memoriam (with history of the poem).....	Mrs. J. B. Knox
Paper—Comparison of Tennyson and Browning..	Mrs. W. F. Johnston
Paper—"Idyls of the King".....	Mrs. E. R. Smith
Reading—"Lady Godiva" (with history of the poem..)	Mrs. W. W. Stringfellow
Sketch of Gladstone.....	Mrs. W. T. Willson
Sketch of Queen Victoria.....	Mrs. R. L. McCalley
Reading—To the Queen.....	Mrs. T. G. Bush
Paper—"The Princess".....	Mrs. T. L. Robinson
Vocal Solo—"Crossing the Bar".....	Miss Nellie Knight
Review questions, incidents in the life of the author—Quotations.	

The Young Ladies Club was present by invitation. An innovation much appreciated at this meeting was the music.

Among the most pleasant and instructive features in our programmes are the incidents from the lives of the authors, and the questions on these subjects which are prepared with much care and study.

Our work for the next year begins the first Thursday in October. A committee was appointed to decide upon the course of study and report at a call meeting in September.

The members of The Studiois are: Mrs. O. M. Reynolds, Mrs. E. L. Turner, Mrs. A. H. Shepperd, Mrs. W. W. Stringfellow, Mrs. E. R. Smith, Mrs. Frank Nelson, Mrs. J. S. Burnett, Mrs. A. H. Smith, Mrs. W.

T. Willson, Mrs. S. P. Kennedy, Mrs. W. L. Doane, Mrs. T. G. Bush, Mrs. Algernon Smith, Mrs. W. H. Weatherly, Mrs. R. L. McCalley, Mrs. W. F. Johnston, Mrs. T. L. Robinson, Mrs. W. A. Davis.

MRS. JOHN B. KNOX,

MRS. R. D. CRUSOE,

President.

Secretary.

THE YOUNG LADIES' LITERARY SOCIETY OF ANNISTON.

The morning of January 26th, 1895, witnessed the consummation of laudable ambition and honest effort, in the organization of a society, by the young ladies of Anniston, for the study of literature. This materialized not from spasmodic desire of learning, not from self-aggrandizement, nor from motives of any sordid nature; but from the healthy and sincere purpose of enjoying that sweet communion of thought that comes through united and systematic study.

On the morning referred to, ten young ladies met at the home of Miss Bush and elected the following officers: Miss Knight, President; Miss Frye, Vice-President; Miss Alta McMillan, Secretary and Treasurer. No special plan of study for the year was mapped out, but the authors to be studied were left to the judgment of a committee. This committee selected a course of study which has proven not only interesting, but the means of accomplishing excellent results. Four meetings were devoted to American poetry and poets; three to American prose writers; six to English poets; five to English novelists;

and the remaining to women in literature. In order that the literary feature should be preserved on all occasions, it was deemed wise to restrict the membership to twenty-five, it being thought that a larger number than this might destroy the harmony and unity from which we expected much strength. Our meetings have been held weekly, Saturday mornings. The leader for each meeting is appointed three weeks previous, and it is incumbent upon her to prepare the programme, and be responsible for the literary tenor of her meeting. In addition to the papers read at each meeting, we have made the programme spicy with incidents, quotations, and questions relative to the subject of the meeting.

February 9th, the first literary programme was carried through with marked success and rousing interest. Two hours were spent in discussing the life and works of that poet of the people, Henry W. Longfellow, the sunshine of whose life seemed to fill our own. As we reviewed his works, we felt grateful to the memory of our countryman, who could leave us such pure thoughts, such a wealth of familiar truths, clothed in such simple language as to be appreciated by every one. It was a happy inspiration to begin our course with the study of Longfellow, but unfortunate to have closed our year's study with Emerson. He always lends such an impetus to learning and literature. His sweet philosophy so constantly pointed us to glorious fields, white with the harvest of friendly deeds and noble efforts, that we felt well nigh ashamed to take a vacation from the systematic study of literature.

We consider it a pleasing coincidence to have begun and ended our meetings with so charming a hostess as Miss Bush.

We have no memories but pleasant ones of this literary work, and every moment expended has seemed to ring in the thought that the days of our youth are the days of our glory. With the rendition of each programme an increasing interest has been manifested. The study of the several authors has developed within us an intense feeling of gratitude for their leaving to us an inheritance incorruptible in the treasures of wisdom and gems of thought. Indeed, our voyage of four months on the literary sea has proven pleasant and profitable. Our pilot, Miss Knight has steered us toward the most pleasant isles, away from all breakers of scepticism and reform movements, and although our vessel is not one of deepest intellectual draught, yet we have reached the harbor which we sought.

CONRADINE SKAGGS.

THE PEEP O'DAY CLUB OF ANNISTON.

MRS. JOHN B. KNOX.

One of the most unique and original literary clubs in the state is the Peep O'Day club, of Anniston. It is composed of fourteen little girls from eight to twelve years of age, and was organized by Miss Margaret Reynolds, at her father's home, on the 12th of July, 1895.

The officers elected were: Miss Margaret Reynolds, President; Miss Mamie Smith, Vice-President; Miss Carrie McClure Knox, Secretary and Treasurer.

Their course of study began with the history of "Mother Goose's" poetry. The club meets once a week,

on Friday afternoon. A paper is prepared for each meeting on current events, and every member is required to bring a quotation from the author for the occasion.

This club promises to be a leading factor in the literary history of Anniston.

THE ARGUS CLUB OF TALLADEGA.

The Argus Club was organized in February, 1895, with seven charter members. The constitution and by-laws were formed and adopted at the first meeting.

The membership is limited to fifteen, and is composed entirely of young ladies. The officers are as follows: President, Miss Clara E. Cruikshank; Vice-President, Miss Ida M. Henderson; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Milton Burr.

The object of the club is intellectual stimulus and mutual improvement. Its immediate purpose is a course of reading to familiarize the members with the prominent American authors, their biographies, works, and best thoughts. Especial attention is given to fiction writers, essayists, and poets.

A prospectus committee arranges the work for the year, while the programme committee plans the order of exercises for each meeting. The names of proposed members are submitted to a committee, appointed by the president, who reports upon their eligibility. This committee is known only to the president.

Fortnightly meetings are held, on alternate Saturday afternoons, except during the heated term. The papers prepared and read before the club have been excep-

tionally fine, some evincing great talent. These papers are regularly filed by the secretary. The club keeps in touch with the times by reading and discussing current events; and occasionally a short story or book-criticism is introduced, for the purpose of encouraging independent research on the part of the various members.

The benefit derived from the observations of an excellent critic has been an important factor in the literary advancement of the club. The club has had only one social meeting since its organization. It was honored on that occasion by the presence of the president of the State Federation of Literary Clubs. The object of that association was plainly outlined by its president, and the Argus Club decided to unite with the State Federation.

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The Highland City Book Club was organized October 1st, 1895. Its membership is limited to twenty, and its meetings are held the second and fourth Thursdays of each month. The club is composed entirely of married ladies.

CLARA ELIZABETH CRUIKSHANK.

THE HIGHLAND CITY BOOK CLUB OF
TALLADEGA.

MRS. J. W. VANDIVER.

The Highland City Book Club was organized on Tuesday afternoon, October 1st, 1895, at the residence of Mrs. M. W. Cruikshank.

The ladies were called together at the instance of Mrs. J. E. Stone. The president of the State Federation of Literary Clubs presided over the meeting. A constitution and by-laws were formed and adopted, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. T. S. Plowman; Vice-President, Mrs. J. E. Stone; Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. J. W. Vandiver.

A committee was appointed to arrange a programme for the next meeting to be held at the residence of the president. The hostess then served delightful refreshments, adding a social feature to the occasion, which will be kept up in the future meetings of the club.

The membership of the club consists entirely of married ladies. The meetings of the club will take place semi-monthly on alternate Thursday afternoons, at the homes of the members in alphabetical order.

The members of this organization enter upon their first season with great enthusiasm, and expect to derive much profit and pleasure from their course of study.

THE NO NAME CLUB OF MONTGOMERY.

MRS. STERLING A. WOOD.

At the request of Mrs John D. Roquemore, a number of ladies met at her hospitable home, in January, 1894, for the purpose of organizing a reading circle. For three months the work accomplished was exceedingly pleasant, though of a desultory character. As the interest in the

circle grew, the need for a more complete organization and a more systematic course of study was felt, and in May, the following officers were elected: Mrs. Sterling A. Wood, President; Mrs. Geo. B. Eager, Vice-President; Mrs. John D. Roquemore, Secretary. These three officers prepared the constitution and by-laws, and with the assistance of two members of the club, arranged a prospectus of work for the following year. In order to procure the individual ideas of the members in regard to the course to be studied, each member was requested to hand to this committee a subject in which she was especially interested. These subjects were arranged, sub-divided and assigned to the members, by the Prospectus Committee; the lady submitting the subject was given the leading paper to prepare.

The meetings occur semi-monthly, at the homes of the respective members. After two hours devoted to literary work, simple refreshments are served. The membership is limited to twenty-five.

The object of the club is to promote social and literary advancement.

The officers elected for 1895-96 are: Mrs. C. A. Lanier, President; Mrs. J. B. Gaston, Vice-President; Mrs. Alex. B. Garland, Secretary and Treasurer.

THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB OF MONTGOMERY.

A MEMBER OF THE CLUB.

The Shakespeare Club, of Montgomery, is an informal organization. The meetings of the club begin with quotations from the play under consideration. The secretary copies these bits of the Poet's wit and wisdom in her report of the minutes. Collateral studies in history

are pursued in connection with the historical plays. Original criticisms and papers on the times, events, or characters of the play are also read at each meeting. There is nothing unique in its method of study, but the club is an earnest, hard-working one. The members of the club are fined for absence or tardiness.

The officers of the Shakespeare Club included a president, a secretary, a dictator, and a critic. The dictator assigns the work. Its membership is limited to twenty-five.

THE KETTLEDRUM OF PRATTVILLE.

A MEMBER OF THE CLUB.

The Prattville Kettledrum was organized January 1st, 1894, with twenty active members, and two honorary members. The officers elected were: Mrs. Daniel Pratt, President; Mrs. P. B. Frazier, Vice-President; Mrs. W. F. Sadler, Secretary.

The meetings of the Kettledrum combine social and literary features. An author is selected for each occasion, and the programme consists of quotations from the author under discussion, selected readings from his writings, and a sketch of his life. Music, recitations and social converse are interspersed and add variety to the literary exercises. The club holds eighteen receptions during the season.

The officers for the present year are: Mrs. W. F. Wilkinson, President; Mrs. Norwood Smith, Vice-President; Mrs. W. M. Fisher, Secretary.

THE INTER SE CLUB OF GREENVILLE.

The Inter Se Club was organized in 1890. It was formed for the benefit of young girls, and consequently the course of study included the best works of English and American writers.

Our plan is to require each member to read the books selected for discussion at the regular meetings. The characters of the book, if a novel or a play, are assigned to different members, who are expected to give character analyses together with select readings.

The representative work of each author is chosen. As the design of our club is the improvement of the younger people, we have naturally traveled over well-beaten paths. In English literature the following writers have been studied: Dickens, Thackeray, Shakespeare, Bulwer, George Eliot, DeQuincey, Mathew Arnold, Carlyle, and Ruskin. Several novels have been read with a view to their historical setting. In these instances, the president has mapped out the collateral studies in history and assigned the subjects to the different members.

"Romola," "The Egyptian Princess," and "Quentin Durward" were read in this interesting manner. We also spent an evening in discussing "H. H.," "Ramona," the "Indian question," and "California scenery."

Once a month a meeting is devoted to current literature. The prospectus for the coming season is not yet definitely outlined. We will probably confine our course of study to the events which led to the French revolution, the period of the revolution, and the history of France from that period to the present time.

The officers of the Inter Se Club are elected annually. They are: a president, a vice president, and a secretary and treasurer. The annual dues are paid quarterly. The object of this fund is to purchase books or magazines necessary for carrying on the course of study. These books become the property of the club. The meetings of the club are semi-monthly. Its membership is limited to fifteen.

MRS. MARTHA C. KING.

THE MOBILE READING CLUB.

MRS. ERWIN CRAIGHEAD.

The Mobile Reading Club, organized in the winter of 1882 by Mrs. John R. Tompkins, Mrs. Erwin Craighead, and Miss Leila Ledyard, is probably the oldest literary club in the state. Its object in the beginning was to entertain, rather than to instruct, but the tendencies of its membership soon developed a distinctively literary purpose.

Under the leadership of Mrs. Tompkins, a woman of unusual literary attainments and personal magnetism, the club settled down to real earnest study. Mrs. Tompkins was the first president of the club, she was succeeded by Mrs. Erwin Craighead, and Mrs. Electra Semmes-Colston is its present presiding officer.

The meetings were held at the home of the first president during her lifetime, and later in the rooms of the Mobile Library. The club now has comfortable quarters of its own in a central part of the city. There

were forty members on the roll of the past season. Regular schedules of work are formulated by committees, and faithfully carried out by the members.

The work is in the form of original papers, selected readings, and discussions under the direction of regularly appointed leaders. The titles of the various courses of study pursued by the club are: "American Literature," "Russia and Her Literature," "Scandinavia," "India and Her Theosophy," "Homer," "Tasso," "Germany and Her Influence on Modern Civilization," and "The World of To-day."

The work for the coming season includes current, miscellaneous, and scientific topics. Specialists will be invited to address the club on the subjects in the course of study upon which they are authorities.

The club has done much to encourage a taste for literature in Mobile, and has been the inspiration of similar clubs in this, and other cities of Alabama.

OUR READING CIRCLE OF MOBILE.

This is the way our circle began in February, 1892.

Like a stormy, dreary night, sickness and sorrow had hovered for months over certain homes on, and near, Government and Broad Streets, encompassing them with tears, heart-aches, and retrospection.

One morning, Mrs. R. V. Taylor proposed to Mrs. Harry Pillans and Mrs. Walter Williamson that they go over and sit with Mrs. J. F. Ross, and brighten some of the weary passing hours by reading, chatting and sewing

together. It proved so cheery and helpful that they repeated it again and again, until it grew into a delightful weekly gathering.

The following spring Mrs. Eugene Stollenwerck and the writer were invited to unite with them, which honor was heartily accepted.

As increase of numbers multiplies the difficulty of obtaining a concensus of congenial taste in reading matter, it became an unwritten law that six should constitute the limit of membership.

We assemble, consecutively at our homes, every Friday at 11 o'clock, and the exercises continue until 3 o'clock.

The hostess reads aloud while the others sew. The dictionary, atlas, and books of reference are assigned to different ones, who search out mis-pronounced or challenged words, historic or scientific allusions,

Current literature embodies our course, and, when tea and sandwiches are served at noon, the merits, style, and characteristics of the authors that we are studying are freely discussed and criticised.

We have no formal president, nor by-laws; but our meetings are so improving and helpful that the members allow nothing save the inevitable to be prevent attendance upon them.

Mrs. LeVert Clark fills the vacancy caused by Mrs. Stollenwerck's removal from our city.

On Friday before Christmas, each lady brings an inexpensive souvenir of her esteem for the other ladies. These are exchanged amid bright smiles and "best wishes."

LIDA B. ROBERTSON.

THE THURSDAY LITERARY CIRCLE OF SELMA.

It was before the club idea had taken such hold on our community that a dozen or more ladies met, by invitation, one pleasant winter afternoon in the parlors of a private residence. No great idea has originated outside the brain or heart of an individual, and this thing, which we modestly claim, has already accomplished good, is no exception. Some one thought of it, some one had an impression borne in upon her that an organized circle for reading and study was needed, would be helpful, would save many from literary stagnation, and would greatly delight others who were already alive; and thus we had a beginning. A seed divinely dropped in soil ready to receive it, which bore in time its legitimate fruit, and this meeting, called in the interest of literature, and composed of some of the most substantial ladies of the town, gave a decided impulse to the growth of the germinal seed.

There is nothing that proves the value of a thing like continuance therein, and looking back, as I do, through the lapse of five years, on that interesting afternoon, I am compelled to argue that a good, a profitable, and a pleasant thing was started,—and substantiate my proposition by telling of our steady growth from that day to this.

An organization was made, the customary officers elected, and the usual committees appointed. From the beginning the impulse was toward solid work, and our first programme was made with that idea.

Our selection was Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times," which we read aloud in class, so much as we were able, taking the intervening pages between each les-

son for home reading. In connection with this history we also studied the celebrated writers of the Victorian age. Two years was thus occupied, and our circle, which after much discussion was named the "Thursday Literary Circle," kept up its meetings regularly from October to May. It was interesting to see the older ladies of our number book in hand turning their steps each Thursday afternoon in the direction of the weekly meeting-place. Many an hour was thus agreeably spent, and much concord and harmony of spirit prevailed.

Following a general rule, except where a really discordant spirit obtrudes, as ladies grow in knowledge, they also grow in personal interest and warmth of feeling for each other. And just here sisters in literary work permit a word; beware of the spirit of unfriendly criticism, it is unkind, it is unladylike, and often it is unjust. Let the braver and greater souls of your number crush out its first manifestations. No leader, especially, can work successfully without some expression of confidence and approbation, that is her only reward.

Our third year's work was devoted to Shakespeare, "Henry VIII," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Twelfth Night," and "Two Gentlemen of Verona," were the plays chosen, and the exercises consisted of reading aloud, different parts being given out among the ladies present. The historical situations of the plays were discussed, and collateral art studies were taken. The year was much enjoyed and was considered very profitable.

There was an absence of thorough organization during the first months of the fourth year, and the work began less auspiciously, but many declared at the end that it was, "perfectly charming."

"American Men of Letters," was our general subject. The first eight meetings were given to Emerson; then six to Lowell; six to Holmes; four to Hawthorne; two to C. D. Warner; and the remaining two or three to writers of less prominence.

While we felt, on reviewing the work for the year, that we had only "tasted the good fruit," yet we did feel a more intimate acquaintance with our own authors, and especially by comparison.

The fifth year was given to more solid work again, "Eighteen Christian Centuries" by White, was the text-book. It was read after the same plan we had used in reading the "History of Our Own Times."

In connection with, and as an elaboration of this somewhat condensed work, we had written essays, and selections from different authors on the more important events of each century. In this way the "Philosophy of History" came under consideration, and made a very engaging study.

Each of us, I think, closed our books with the sensation that one more good book had been accomplished, and something like critical study given to it.

Another year will find us taking up the study of four great cities, Rome, Florence, London, Paris. The programme is not complete, so I will not attempt to give a full description of our projected work, but the bringing out of the history indicated by these names, the great buildings, monuments, the great men and their times, the fine arts, especially that of painting, as well as French, English, and Italian literature, will give us a year of considerable, as well as interesting work.

In all cases, except our fourth year, we have had regularly made out and printed programmes, which we recommend most heartily. The work must be somewhat desultory without it.

CAROLINE LOUISE HOOPER.

The officers of the Thursday Literary Circle, and the members enrolled in the club book, for the season of 1894-95, were as follows:

President, Mrs. Ida Saffold Heidt; Vice Presidents, Mrs. C. W. Hooper, Mrs. Frederic Watson; Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. J. G. Converse; Critic, Miss Mary LaF. Robbins; Executive Committee, Mrs. Minthorne Woolsey, Miss Ella Nelson, Miss Bettie Keith; Members, Mrs. W. P. Armstrong, Mrs. Ida S. Heidt, Mrs. J. G. Converse, Mrs. M. R. Jarvis, Miss Mary Craig, Miss Lucy Jones, Miss Margaret Force, Miss Augusta McKee, Miss Adolpha Gillman, Mrs. Philip Milhous, Miss Hattie Hooker, Miss Ella Nelson, Miss Katharine Holley, Miss Mary LaF. Robbins, Mrs. E. A. Scott, Mrs. Minthorne Woolsey, Mrs. J. L. Bishop, Miss Julia Clarke, Mrs. John B. Dortch, Miss Mary Force, Miss Olive Hooper, Miss Frances Holley, Mrs. C. W. Hooper, Mrs. John J. Hooper, Mrs. L. E. Jeffries, Miss Augusta Jones, Miss Bettie Keith, Miss Lyda Nelson, Miss Erin Osborne, Miss Elva Stewart, Mrs. Frederic Watson, Miss Mary Ware.

SELECTIONS.

“ Books are made from books.”

—Voltaire.

* * * * *

*“ Hark, the world so loud,
And they the movers of the world so still.”*

—Bulwer Lytton

[From "At the Mercy of Tiberius."]

Once more their hands met, in a long, close grasp, then Leo laid on the chancel railing a large square envelope.

It is only a Christmas card, but so lovely, I know your artistic taste cannot fail to admire it ; and it may brighten your cheerless room. It is the three-hundred-dollar-prize-card, and particularly beautiful."

"Thank you, dear Miss Gordon. It may help to deaden the merciless stings of memory, which all day long has tortured me by unrolling the past, where my Christmas days stand out like illuminated capitals on black-letter pages,"

Deaden the stings of memory ? What spell suddenly evoked the image of her invalid mother, all the details of the attic room, the litter of pencils on the table ; the windows of a florist's shop where, standing on the pavement, she had studied hungrily the shapes of the blossoms poverty denied her as models, the interior of the *Creche*, which she had penetrated in order to sketch the heads of sleeping babies, as a study for cherubs ?

Leo had almost reached the door, when a passionate, indescribably mournful cry arrested her steps.

"Too late !—too late ! O, God ! What a cruel mockery !"

Beryl stood leaning against the railing of the altar, with the light of the setting sun falling aslant on the gilded card she held up in one hand ; on her white convulsed face, where tears fell in a scalding flood. Retracing her steps, Leo said falteringly :

"In my efforts to comfort you, have I only wounded more sorely ? How have I hurt you ? What can I do ?"

"No—no ! You are an angel of pity, hovering over an abyss of ruin, whose darkest horrors you only imagine faintly. What can you do ? Nothing, but pray to God to paralyze my tongue, and grant me death, before I lose my last clutch on faith, and curse my Creator, and drift

down to eternal perdition! It was hard enough before, but this mockery maddens."

With a sudden abandonment, she hurled the card away, threw her arms around Leo's neck and sobbed unrestrainedly. Tenderly the latter held her shivering form, as the proud head fell on her shoulder; and after a time, Beryl lifted a face white as an annunciation lily, drenched by tropical rain.

"I thought misfortune had emptied all her vials, and I was nerved, because there was nothing more to dread. But the worst is always behind, and this is the irony of fate. You think that merely a rhetorical metaphor, a tragic trope? How should you know? minders of 'what might have been.' My coveted three hundred dollars! Three hundred taunting fiends! to jeer and torment me. The Christmas sun will shine on a pauper's empty cot in a charity hospital; on a disgraced, insulted, forsaken convict. Take away this last mockery, it is more than I can bear. There on the back in gilt letters—Prize Card—Three hundred Dollars! Yet a stranger paid for my mother's coffin, and—. Three hundred furies to lash my heart out! Too late! Take it away! too late! oh, too late! This is worse than the pangs of death."

* * * * *

"I can call no witnesses; for it is one of the terrible fatalities of my situation that I stand alone, with none to corroborate my assertions. Strange, inexplicable coincidences drag me down; not the malice of men, but the throttling grasp of circumstances. I am the victim of some diabolical fate, which only innocent blood will appease; but though I am slaughtered for crimes I did not commit, I know, oh! I know, that *behind fate, stands God!*—the just and eternal God, whom I trust, even in this my hour of extremest peril. Alone in the world, orphaned, reviled, wrecked for all time, without a ray of hope, I, Beryl Brentano, deny every accusation brought against me in this cruel arraignment; and I call my only witness, the righteous God

above us, to hear my solemn asseveration: I am innocent of this crime; and when you judicially murder me in the name of Justice, your hands will be dyed in blood that an avenging God will one day require of you. Appearances, circumstances, coincidences of time and place, each, all, conspire to hunt me into a convict's grave; but remember, my twelve judges, remember that a hopeless, forsaken, broken-hearted woman, expecting to die at your hands, stood before you, and pleaded first and last—Not Guilty! Not Guilty!— * * * *

“Wimmen are as hard to live peaceable with as a hatful of hornets, but the'r brains works spryer even than the'r tongues; and they do think as much faster 'an a man as a express train beats er eight ox-team. Dyce is the safetest sign-post! If she was only here now, I couldn't botch things, for she sees clare through a mill-stone, and she'd shove me the right way. If I go a huntin', I may flounder into a steel trap; if I stand still, wuss may happen. Mars Lennox is too much for me. I wouldn't trust him no further'n I would a fat possum. I am afeard of his oily tongue. He sot out to hang that poor young gal, and now he is willing to pay two hundred and fifty dollars to show the court he was a idjut and a slanderer! I ain't gwine to set down on no such spring gun as that! Dyce ought to be here. When Mars Lennox turns sumersets in the court, before the judge, I don't want to belong to his circus—but, oh Lord! If I could find out which side he raily is on?” * * * *

CHAPTER XIX.

Friday, the fifth and last day of the trial, was ushered in by a tempest of wind and rain, that drove the blinding sheets of sleet against the court-house windows with the insistence of an icy flail; while now and then with spasmodic bursts of fury the gale heightened, rattled the sash, moaned hysterically, like invisible fiends

tearing at the obstacles that barred entrance. So dense was the gloom pervading the court-room, that every gas jet was burning at ten o'clock, when Mr. Dunbar rose and took a position close to the jury-box. The gray pallor of his sternly set face increased his resemblance to a statue of the Julian type, and he looked rigid as granite, as he turned his brilliant eyes full of blue fire upon the grave, upturned countenances of the twelve umpires :

“Gentlemen of the Jury : The sanctity of human life is the foundation on which society rests, and its preservation is the supreme aim of all human legislation. Rights of property, of liberty, are merely conditional, subordinated to the superlative, divine right of life. Labor creates property, law secures liberty, but God alone gives life; and woe to that tribunal, to those consecrated priests of divine justice, who, sworn to lay aside passion and prejudice, and to array themselves in the immaculate robes of a juror’s impartiality, yet profane the loftiest prerogative with which civilized society can invest mankind, and sacrilegiously extinguish, in the name of justice, that sacred spark which only Jehovah’s fiat kindles. To the same astute and unchanging race, whose relentless code of jurisprudence demanded ‘an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life,’ we owe the instructive picture of cautious inquiry, of tender solicitude for the inviolability of human life, that glows in immortal lustre on the pages of the ‘*Mechilta*’ of the Talmud. In the trial of a Hebrew criminal, there were ‘*Lactees*,’ consisting of two men, one of whom stood at the door of the court, with a red flag in his hand, and the other sat on a white horse at some distance on the road that led to execution. Each of these men cried aloud continually, the name of the suspected criminal, of the witnesses, and his crime; and vehemently called upon any person who knew *anything in his favor* to come forward and testify. Have we, supercilious braggarts of this age of progress, attained the prudential wisdom of Sanhedrim?

“The State pays an officer to sift, probe, collect and array the evidences of crime, with which the criminal is

stoned to death; does it likewise commission and compensate an equally painstaking, lynx-eyed official whose sole duty is to hunt and proclaim proofs of the innocence of the accused? The great body of the commonwealth is committed in revengeful zeal to prosecution; upon whom devolves the doubly sacred and imperative duty of defense? Are you not here to give judgment in a cause based on an indictment by a secret tribunal, where *ex parte* testimony was alone received, and the voice of defense could not be heard? The law infers that the keen instinct of self-preservation will force the accused to secure the strongest possible legal defenders; and failing in this, the law perfunctorily assigns counsel to present testimony in defense. Do the scales balance?

“Imagine a race for heavy stakes; the judges tap the bell; three or four superb thoroughbreds carefully trained on that track, laboriously groomed, waiting for the signal, spring forward; and when the first quarter is reached, a belated fifth, handicapped with the knowledge that he has made a desperately bad start, bounds after them. If by dint of some superhuman grace vouchsafed, some latent strain, some most unexpected speed, he nears, overtakes, runs neck and neck, slowly gains, passes all four and dashes breathless and quivering under the string, a whole length ahead, the world of spectators shouts, the judges smile, and number five wins the stakes. But was the race fair?

“Is not justice, the beloved goddess of our idolatry, sometimes so blinded by clouds of argument, and confused by clamor that she fails indeed to see the dip of the beam? If the accused be guilty and escape conviction, he still lives; and while it is provided that no one can be twice put in jeopardy of his life for the same offense, vicious tendencies impel to renewal of crime, and Nemesis, the retriever of justice, may yet hunt him down. If the accused be innocent as the archangels, but suffer conviction and execution, what expiation can justice offer for judicially slaughtering him? Are the chances even?

“All along the dim vista of the annals of criminal jurisprudence, stand grim memorials that mark the substitution of innocent victims for guilty criminals; and they are solemn sign-posts of warning, melancholy as the whitening bones of perished caravans in desert sands. History relates, and tradition embalms, a sad incident of the era of the Council of Ten, when an innocent boy was seized, tried and executed for the murder of a nobleman, whose real assassin confessed the crime many years subsequent. In commemoration of the public horror manifested when the truth was published, Venice decreed that henceforth a crier should proclaim in the Tribunal just before a death sentence was pronounced, *‘Ricordatevi del povero Marcolini!’* remember the poor Marcolini; beware of merely circumstantial evidence.

“Gentlemen of the jury, to save you from the commission of a wrong even more cruel, I come to-day to set before you clearly the facts, elicited from witnesses which the honorable and able counsel for the prosecution declined to cross-examine. An able expounder of the law of evidence has warned us that: ‘The force of circumstantial evidence being exclusive in its nature, and the mere coincidence of the hypothesis with the circumstances, being, in the abstract, insufficient, unless they *exclude every other supposition*, it is essential to inquire, with the most scrupulous attention, what other hypotheses *there may be*, agreeing wholly or partially with the facts in evidence.’

“A man of very marked appearance was seen running toward the railroad, on the night of the twenty-sixth, evidently goaded by some unusual necessity to leave the neighborhood of X— before the arrival of the passenger express. It is proved that he passed the station exactly at the time the prisoner deposed she heard the voice, and the half of the envelope that enclosed the missing will, was found at the spot where the same person was seen, only a few moments later. Four days afterward, this man entered a small station in Pennsylvania, paid for a railroad ticket, with a coin identical in

value and appearance with those stolen from the tin box, and as if foreordained to publish the steps he was trying to efface, accidentally left behind him the trumpet-tongued fragment of envelope, that exactly fitted into the torn strip dropped at the bridge. The most exhaustive and diligent search shows that stranger was seen by no one else in X—; that he came as a thief in the night, provided with chloroform to drug his intended victim, and having been detected in the act of burglariously abstracting the contents of the tin box, fought with, and killed the venerable old man, whom he had robbed.

Under cover of storm and darkness he escaped with his plunder, to some point north of X— where doubtless he boarded (unperceived) the freight train, and at some convenient point slipped into a wooded country, and made his way to Pennsylvania. Why were valuable bonds untouched? Because they might aid in betraying him. What conceivable interest had he in the destruction of Gen'l Darrington's will? It is in evidence, that the lamp was burning, and the contents of that envelope could have possessed no value for a man ignorant of the provisions of the will; and the superscription it was impossible to misread. Suppose that this mysterious person was fully cognizant of the family secrets of the Darringtons? Suppose that he knew that Mrs. Brentano and her daughter would inherit a large fortune, if Gen'l Darrington died intestate? If he had wooed and won the heart of the daughter, and believed that her rights had been sacrificed to promote the aggrandizement of an alien, the adopted step-son Prince, had not such a man, the accepted lover of the daughter, a personal interest in the provisions of a will which disinherited Mrs. Brentano, and her child? Have you not now, motive means, and opportunity, and links of evidence that point to this man as the real agent, the guilty author of the awful crime we are all leagued in solemn legal covenant to punish? Suppose that fully aware of the prisoner's mission to X—, he had secretly followed her, and supplemented her afternoon visit, by the fatal interview of the night? Doubtless he had

intended escorting her home. but when the frightful tragedy was completed, the curse of Cain drove him, in terror, to instant flight : and he sought safety in western wilds, leaving his innocent and hapless betrothed to bear the penalty of his crime. The handkerchief used to administer chloroform, bore her initials ; was doubtless a souvenir given in days gone by to that unworthy miscreant, as a token of affection, by the trusting woman he deserted in the hour of peril. In this solution of an awful enigma, is there any undue strain upon credulity ; is there any antagonism of facts, which the torn envelope, the pipe, the twenty-dollar gold pieces seen in Pennsylvania, do not reconcile ?

“A justly celebrated writer on the law of evidence has wisely said : ‘In criminal cases, the statement made by the accused is of essential importance in some points of view. Such is the complexity of human affairs, and so infinite the combinations of circumstances, that the true hypothesis which is capable of explaining and reuniting all the apparently conflicting circumstances of the case, may escape the acutest penetration ; but the prisoner, so far as he alone is concerned, can always afford a clue to them ; and though he may be unable to support his statement by evidence, his account of the transaction is, for this purpose, always most material and important. The effect may be to suggest a view, which consists with the innocence of the accused, and might otherwise have escaped observation.’

“During the preliminary examination of this prisoner in October, she inadvertently furnished this clue, when, in explaining her absence from the station house, she stated that suddenly awakened from sleep, ‘*she heard the voice of one she knew and loved*, and ran out to seek the speaker.’ Twice she has repeated the conversation she heard, and every word is corroborated by the witness who saw and talked with the owner of that ‘beloved voice.’ When asked to give the name of that man, whom she expected to find in the street, she falters, refuses ; love seals her lips, and the fact that she will die

sooner than yield that which must bring him to summary justice, is alone sufficient to fix the guilt upon the real culprit.

“There is a rule in criminal jurisprudence, that ‘presumptive evidence ought never to be relied on, when direct testimony is wilfully withheld.’ She shudders at sight of the handkerchief; did she not give it to him, in some happy hour as a tender *Ricordo*? When the pipe which he lost in his precipitate flight is held up to the jury, she recognizes it instantly as her lover’s property, and shivers with horror at the danger of his detection and apprehension. Does not this array of accusing circumstances demand as careful consideration, as the chain held up to your scrutiny by the prosecution? In the latter, there is an important link missing, which the theory of the defense supplies. When the prisoner was arrested and searched, there was found in her possession only the exact amount of money, which it is in evidence, that she came South to obtain; and which she has solemnly affirmed was given to her by Gen’l Darlington. We know from memoranda found in the rifled box, that it contained only a few days previous, five hundred dollars in gold. Three twenty-dollar gold coins were discovered on the carpet, and one in the vault; what became of the remaining three hundred and twenty dollars? With the exception of one hundred dollars found in the basket of the prisoner, she had only five copper pennies in her purse, when so unexpectedly arrested, that it was impossible she could have secreted anything. Three hundred and twenty dollars disappeared in company with the will, and like the torn envelope, two of those gold coins lifted their accusing faces in Pennsylvania, where the fugitive from righteous retribution paid for the wings that would transport him beyond risk of detection.

“Both theories presented for your careful analysis, are based entirely upon circumstantial evidence; and is not the solution I offer less repugnant to the canons of credibility, and infinitely less revolting to every instinct

of honorable manhood, than the horrible hypothesis that a refined, cultivated, noble Christian woman, a devoted daughter, irreproachable in antecedent life, bearing the fiery ordeal of the past four months with a noble heroism that commands the involuntary admiration of all who have watched her—that such a perfect type of beautiful womanhood as the prisoner presents, could deliberately plan and execute the vile scheme of theft and murder? Gentlemen, she is guilty of but one sin against the peace and order of this community: the sin of withholding the name of one for whose bloody crime she is not responsible. Does not her invincible loyalty, her unwavering devotion to the craven for whom she suffers, invest her with the halo of martyrdom, that appeals most powerfully to the noblest impulses of your nature, that enlists the warmest, holiest sympathies lying deep in your manly hearts? Analyze her statement; every utterance bears the stamp of innocence; and where she cannot explain truthfully, she declines to make any explanation. Her's is the sin of silence, the grievous evasion of justice by non-responion, whereby the danger she will not avert by confession recoils upon her innocent head. Bravely she took on her reluctant shoulders the galling burden of parental command, and stifling her proud repugnance, obediently came—a fair young stranger to 'Elm Bluff,' Receiving as a loan the money she came to beg for, she hurries away to fulfill another solemnly imposed injunction.

“Gentlemen, is there any spot out yonder in God's Acre, where violets, blue as the eyes that once smiled upon you, now shed their fragrance above the sacred dust of your dead darlings; and the thought of which melts your hearts and dims your vision? Look at this mournful, touching witness, which comes from that holy cemetery to whisper to your souls, that the hands of the prisoner are as pure as those of your idols, folded under the sod. Only a little bunch of withered brown flowers, tied with a faded blue ribbon, that a poor girl bought with her hard earned pennies, and carried to a sick mother, to brighten

a dreary attic ; only a dead nosegay, which that mother requested should be laid as a penitential tribute on the tomb of the mother whom she had disobeyed ; and this faithful young heart made the pilgrimage and left the offering—and in consequence thereof, missed the train that would have carried her safely back to her mother—and to peace. On the morning after the preliminary examination I went to the cemetery, and found the fatal flowers just where she had placed them, on the great marble cross that covers the tomb of ' Helena Tracey—wife of Luke Darrington.

“ You husbands and fathers who trust your names, your honor, the peace of your hearts—almost the salvation of your souls—to the women you love ; staking the dearest interest of humanity, the sanctity of that heaven on earth—your stainless homes—upon the fidelity of womanhood, can you doubt for one instant, that the prisoner will accept death rather than betray the man she loves ? No human plummet has sounded the depths of a woman's devotion ; no surveyor's chain will ever mark the limits of a woman's faithful, patient endurance ; and only the wings of an archangel can transcend that pinnacle to which the sublime principle of self-sacrifice exalts a woman's soul.

“ In a quaint old city on the banks of the Pegnitz, history records an instance of feminine self-abnegation, more enduring than monuments of brass. The law had decreed a certain provision for the maintenance of orphans ; and two women in dire distress, seeing no possible avenue of help, accused themselves falsely of a capital crime, and were executed ; thereby securing a support for the children they orphaned.

“ As a tireless and vigilant prosecutor of the real criminal, the Cain-branded man now wandering in some western wild, I charge the prisoner with only one sin, suicidal silence ; and I commend her to your most tender compassion, believing that in every detail and minutia she has spoken the truth ; and that she is as innocent of the charge in the indictment as you or I. Remember,

that you have only presumptive proof to guide you in this solemn deliberation, and in the absence of direct proof, do not be deluded by a glittering sophistry, which will soon attempt to persuade you, that: 'A presumption which necessarily arises from circumstances, is very often more convincing and more satisfactory than any other kind of evidence; it is not within the reach and compass of human abilities to invent a train of circumstances, which shall be so connected together as to amount to a proof of guilt, without affording opportunities of contradicting a great part, if not all, of these circumstances.'

"Believe it not; circumstantial evidence has caused as much innocent blood to flow, as the cimeter of Jenghiz Khan. The counsel for the prosecution will tell you that every fact in this melancholy case stabs the prisoner, and that facts cannot lie. Abstractly and logically considered facts certainly do not lie; but let us see whether the inferences deduced from what we believe to be facts, do not sometimes eclipse Ananias and Sapphira! Not long ago, the public heart thrilled with horror at the tidings of the Ashtabula catastrophe, in which a train of cars plunged through a bridge, took fire, and a number of passengers were consumed, charred beyond recognition; Soon afterward, a poor woman, mother of two children, commenced suit against the railway company, alleging that her husband had perished in that disaster. The evidence adduced was only of a circumstantial nature, as the body which had been destroyed by flames, could not be found. Searching in the *debris* at the fatal spot, she had found a bunch of keys, that she positively recognized as belonging to her husband, and in his possession when he died. One key fitted the clock in her house, and a mechanic was ready to swear that he had made such a key for the deceased. Another key fitted a chest she owned, and still another fitted the door of her house; while strongest of all proof, she found a piece of cloth which she identified as part of her husband's coat. A physician who knew her husband testified that he rode as

far as Buffalo on the same train with the deceased, on the fatal day of the disaster; and another witness deposed that he saw the deceased take the train at Buffalo, that went down to ruin at Ashtabula. Certainly the chain of circumstantial evidence, from veracious facts, seemed complete; but lo! during the investigation it was ascertained beyond doubt, to the great joy of the wife, that the husband had never been near Ashtabula, and was safe and well at a Pension Home in a Western state.

"The fate of a very noble and innocent woman is now committed to your hands; and only presumptive proof is laid before you. 'The circumstance is always a fact; the presumption is the inference drawn from that fact. It is hence called presumptive proof, because it proceeds merely in opinion.' Suffer no brilliant sophistry to dazzle your judgment, no remnant of prejudice to swerve you from the path of fidelity to your oath. To your calm reasoning, your generous manly hearts, your Christian consciences, I resign the desolate prisoner; and as you deal with her, so may the God above us, the just and holy God who has numbered the hairs of her innocent head, deal here and hereafter with you and yours."

Mr. Wolverton came forward to sum up the evidence for the prosecution, and laboriously recapitulated and dwelt upon the mass of facts, which he claimed was susceptible of but one interpretation, and must compel the jury to convict, in accordance with the indictment.

How long Mr. Wolverton talked, she never knew; but the lull that succeeded was broken by the tones of Judge Parkman.

"Beryl Brentano, it is my duty to remind you that this is the last opportunity the law allows you, to speak in your own vindication. The testimony has all been presented to those appointed to decide upon its value. If there be any final statement that you may desire to offer in self-defense, you must make it now."

Could the hundreds who watched and waited ever forget the sight of that superb, erect figure, that exquisite face, proud as Hypatia's, patient as Perpetua's; or the

sound of that pathetic, unwavering voice? Mournfully, yet steadily, she raised her great gray eyes, darkened by the violet shadows suffering had cast, and looked at her judges.

‘I am guiltless of any and all crime. I have neither robbed, nor murdered; and I am neither principal, nor accomplice in the horrible sin imputed to me. I know nothing of the chloroform; I never touched the andiron; I never saw Gen’l Darrington but once. He gave me the gold and the sapphires, and I am as innocent of his death, and of the destruction of his will as the sinless little children who prattle at your firesides, and nestle to sleep in your arms. My life has been disgraced and ruined by no act of mine, for I have kept my hands, my heart, my soul, as pure and free from crime as they were when God gave them to me. I am the helpless prey of suspicion, and the guiltless victim of the law. O, my judges! I do not crave your mercy—that is the despairing prayer of conscious guilt; I demand at your hands, justice.’

The rushing sound as of a coming flood filled her ears, and her words echoed vaguely from some immeasurably distant height. The gaslights seemed whirling in a Walpurgis maze, as she sat down and once more veiled her face in her hands.

When she recovered sufficiently to listen, Mr. Churchill had risen for the closing speech of the prosecution.

“Gentlemen of the Jury: I were a blot upon a noble profession, a disgrace to honorable manhood, and a monster in my own estimation, If I could approach the fatal *Finis* of this melancholy trial, without painful emotions of profound regret, that the solemn responsibility of my official position makes me the reluctant bearer of the last stern message uttered by retributive justice. How infinitely more enviable the duty of the *Amicus Curie*, my gallant friend and *quondam* colleague, who in voluntary defense has so ingeniously, eloquently and nobly led a forlorn hope, that he knew was already irretrievably lost? Desperate, indeed, must

he deem that cause for which he battles so valiantly, when dire extremity goads him to lift a rebellious and unfilial voice against the provisions of his foster-mother, Criminal Jurisprudence, in whose service he won the brilliant distinction and crown of laurel that excite the admiration and envy of a large family of his less fortunate foster-brothers. I honor his heroism, applaud his chivalrous zeal, and wish that I stood in his place: but not mine the privilege of mounting the white horse, and waving the red flag of the 'Lactees.' Dedicated to the mournful rites of justice, I have laid an iron hand on the quivering lips of pity, that cried to me like the voice of one of my own little ones; and very sorrowfully, at the command of conscience, reason and my official duty, I obey the mandate to ring down the black curtain on a terrible tragedy, feeling like Dante when he confronted the doomed—

“ And to a part I come, where no light shines.”

So clearly and ably has my distinguished associate, Mr. Wolverton, presented all the legal points bearing upon the nature and value of the proof, submitted for your examination, that any attempt to buttress his powerful argument, were an unpardonable reflection upon your intelligence, and his skill; and I shall confine my last effort in behalf of justice, to a brief analysis and comparison of the hypothesis of the defence, with the verified result of the prosecution.

“ Beautiful and sparkling as the frail glass of Murano, and equally as thin, as treacherously brittle, is the theory so skillfully manufactured in behalf of the accused; and so adroitly exhibited that the ingenious facets catch every possible gleam, and for a moment almost dazzle the eyes of the beholder. In attempting to cast a lance against the shield of circumstantial evidence, his weapon rebounded, recoiled upon his fine spun crystal and shattered it. What were the materials wherewith he worked? Circumstances, strained, well nigh dislocated by the effort to force them to fit into his

Procrustean measure. A man was seen on the night of the twenty-sixth, who appeared unduly anxious to quit X—before daylight; and again the mysterious stranger was seen in a distant town in Pennsylvania, where he showed some gold coins of a certain denomination, and dropped on the floor one-half of an envelope, that once contained a will. In view of these circumstances (the prosecution calls them facts), the counsel for the defense *presumes* that said stranger committed the murder, stole the will; and offers this opinion as presumptive proof that the prisoner is innocent. The argument runs thus: this man was an accepted lover of the accused, and therefore he must have destroyed the will that beggared his betrothed; but it is nowhere in evidence, that any lover existed, outside of the counsel's imagination; yet Asmodeus like he must appear when called for, and so we are expected to infer, assume, presume that because he stole the will he must be her lover. Does it not make your head swim to spin round in this circle of reasoning? In assailing the validity of circumstantial evidence, has he not cut his bridges, burned his ships behind him?

"Gentlemen, fain would I seize this theory were it credible, and setting thereon, as in an ark, this most unfortunate prisoner, float her safely through the deluge of ruin, anchor her in peaceful security on some far-off Ararat; but it has gone to pieces in the hands of its architect. Instead of rescuing the drowning, the wreck serves only to beat her down. If we accept the hypothesis of a lover at all, it will furnish the missing link in the terrible chain that clanks around the luckless prisoner. The disappearance of the three hundred and twenty dollars has sorely perplexed the prosecution, and unexpectedly the defense offers us the one circumstance we lacked; the lover was lurking in the neighborhood, to learn the result of the visit, to escort her home; and to him the prisoner gave the missing gold, to him entrusted the destruction of the will. If that man came to 'Elm Bluff' prepared to rob and murder, by whom was he incited and instigated; and who was the accessory, and

particeps criminis? The prisoner's handkerchief was the medium of chloroforming that venerable old man, and can there be a reasonable doubt that she aided in administering it?

“The prosecution could not explain why she came from the direction of the railroad bridge, which was far out of her way from ‘Elm Bluff;’ but the defense gives the most satisfactory solution: she was there, dividing her blood-stained spoils with the equally guilty accomplice—her lover. The prosecution brings to the bar of retribution only one criminal; the defense not only fastens the links upon this unhappy woman, by supplying the missing links, but proves premeditation, by the person of an accomplice. Four months have been spent in hunting some fact that would tend to exculpate the accused, but each circumstance dragged to light serves only to swell the dismal chorus, ‘Woe to the guilty.’ To-day she sits in the ashes of desolation, condemned by the unanimous evidence of every known fact connected with this awful tragedy. To oppose this black and frightful host of proofs, what does she offer us? Simply her bare, solemnly reiterated denial of guilt. We hold our breath, hoping against hope that she will give some explanation, some solution, that our pitying hearts are waiting so eager to hear; but dumb as the Sphinx, she awaits her doom. You will weigh that bare denial in the scale with the evidence, and in this momentous duty recollect the cautious admonition that has been furnished to guide you: ‘Conceding that asseverations of innocence are always deserving of consideration by the executive, what is there to invest them with a conclusive efficacy, in opposition to a chain of presumptive evidence, the force and weight of which falls short only of mathematical demonstration?’ The astute and eloquent counsel for defense, has cited some well-known cases, to shake your faith in the value of merely presumptive proof.

“I offer for your consideration, an instance of the fallibility of merely bare, unsupported denial of guilt, on

the part of the accused. A priest at Lauterbach was suspected, arrested and tried for the murder of a woman, under very aggravated circumstances. He was subjected to eighty examinations; and each time solemnly denied the crime. Even when confronted at midnight with the skull of the victim murdered eight years before, he vehemently protested his innocence, and appealed to the Holy Trinity to proclaim his innocence. Finally he confessed his crime; testified that while cutting the throat of his victim, he had exhorted her to repentance, had given her absolution, and that having concealed the corpse, he had said masses for her soul.

“The forlorn and hopeless condition of the prisoner at this bar, appeals pathetically to that compassion which we are taught to believe co-exists with justice, even in the omnipotent God we worship; yet in the face of incontrovertible facts elicited from reliable witnesses, of coincidences which no theory of accident can explain, can we stifle convictions, solely because she pleads ‘not guilty?’ Pertinent, indeed, was the ringing cry of that ancient prosecutor: ‘Most illustrious Cæsar! if denial of guilt be sufficient defense, who would ever be convicted?’ You have been assured that inferences drawn from probable facts eclipse the stupendous falsehood of Ananias and Sapphira! Then the same family strain inevitably crops out, in the loosely-woven web of defensive presumptive evidence—whose pedigree we trace to the same parentage. God forbid that I should commit the sacrilege of arrogating His divine attribute—infallibility—for any human authority, however exalted; or claim it for any amount of proof, presumptive or positive. ‘It is because humanity, even when most cautious and discriminating, is so mournfully fallible and prone to error, that in judging its own frailty we require the aid and reverently invoke the guidance of Jehovah.’ In your solemn deliberations bear in mind this epitome of an opinion, entitled to more than a passing consideration: ‘Perhaps strong circumstantial evidence in cases of crime, com-

mitted for the most part in secret, is the most satisfactory of any from whence to draw the conclusion of guilt; for men may be seduced to perjury, by many base motives; but it can scarcely happen that many circumstances, especially if they be such over which the accuser could have no control, forming altogether the links of a transaction, should all unfortunately concur to fix the presumption of guilt on an individual, and yet such a conclusion be erroneous.'

"Gentlemen of the jury: the prosecution believes that the overwhelming mass of evidence laid before you proves, beyond a reasonable doubt, that the prisoner did premeditatedly murder and rob Robert Luke Darrington; and in the name of justice, we demand that you vindicate the majesty of outraged law, by rendering a verdict of 'guilty.' All the evidence in this case points the finger of doom at the prisoner, as to the time, the place, the opportunity, the means, the conduct and the motive. Suffer not sympathy for youthful womanhood and wonderful beauty, to make you recreant to the obligations of your oath, to decide this issue of life or death, strictly in accordance with the proofs presented; and bitterly painful as is your impending duty, do not allow the wail of pity to drown the demands of justice, or the voice of that blood that cries to heaven for vengeance upon the murderer. May the righteous God who rules the destinies of the universe guide you, and enable you to perform faithfully your awful duty."

Judge Parkman leaned forward.

"Gentlemen of the jury: before entering that box, as the appointed ministers of justice, to arbitrate upon the most momentous issue that can engage human attention—the life or death of a fellow creature—you called your Maker to witness that you would divest your minds of every shadow of prejudice, would calmly, carefully, dispassionately consider, analyze and weigh the evidence submitted for your investigation; and, irrespective of consequences, render a verdict in strict accordance with the proofs presented. You have listened to the testimony

of the witnesses, to the theory of the prosecution, to the theory of the counsel for the defense; you have heard the statement of the accused, her repeated denial of the crime with which she stands charged; and finally you have heard the arguments of counsel, the summing up of all the evidence. the peculiar character of some of the facts presented as proof, requires on your part the keenest and most exhaustive analysis of the inferences to be drawn from them. and you 'have need of patience, wisdom and courage.' While it is impossible that you can contemplate the distressing condition of the accused without emotions of profound compassion, your duty 'is prescribed by the law, which allows you no liberty to indulge any sentiment, inconsistent with its strict performance.' You should begin with the legal presumption that the prisoner is innocent, and that presumption must continue, until her guilt is satisfactorily proved. This is the legal right of the prisoner; contingent on no peculiar circumstances of any particular case, but is the common right of every person accused of a crime. The law surrounds the prisoner with a coat of mail, that only irrefragable proofs of guilt can pierce, and the law declares her innocent, unless the proof you have heard on her trial satisfies you, beyond a reasonable doubt, that she is guilty. What constitutes reasonable doubt, it becomes your duty to earnestly and carefully consider. It is charged that the defendant, on the night of the twenty-sixth of October, did wilfully, deliberately and premeditatedly murder Robert Luke Darrington, by striking him with a brass andiron. The legal definition of murder is the unlawful killing of another, with malice aforethought; and is divided into two degrees. Any murder committed knowingly, intentionally and wantonly, and without just cause or excuse, is murder in the first degree; and this is the offense charged against the prisoner at the bar. If you believe from the evidence, that the defendant, Beryl Brentano, did at the time and place named, wilfully and premeditatedly kill Robert Luke

Darrington, then it will become your duty to find the defendant guilty of murder; if you do not so believe, then it will be your duty to acquit her. A copy of the legal definition of homicide, embracing murder in the first and second degrees, and of manslaughter in the first and second degrees, will be furnished for your instruction; and it is your right and privilege after a careful examination of all the evidence, to convict of a lesser crime than that charged in the indictment, provided all the evidence in this case, should so convince your minds, to the exclusion of a reasonable doubt.

“In your deliberations you will constantly bear in memory, the following long established rules provided for the guidance of jurors:

“I.—The burden of proof rests upon the prosecution, and does not shift or change to the defendant in any phase or stage of the case.

“II.—Before the jury can convict the accused, they must be satisfied from the evidence that she is guilty of the offense charged in the indictment, beyond a reasonable doubt. It is not sufficient that they should believe her guilt only probable. No degree of probability merely will authorize a conviction; but the evidence must be of such character and tendency as to produce a moral certainty of the prisoner's guilt, to the exclusion of reasonable doubt.

“III.—Each fact which is necessary in the chain of circumstances to establish the guilt of the accused, must be distinctly proved by competent legal evidence, and if the jury have reasonable doubt as to any material fact, necessary to be proved in order to support the hypothesis of the prisoner's guilt, to the exclusion of every other reasonable hypothesis, they must find her not guilty.

“IV.—If the jury are satisfied from the evidence, that the accused is guilty of the offense charged, beyond reasonable doubt, and no rational hypothesis or explanation can be framed or given (upon the whole evidence in the cause) consistent with the innocence of the accused, and at the same time consistent with the facts proved,

they ought to find her guilty. The jury are the exclusive judges of the evidence, of its weight, and of the credibility of the witnesses. It is their duty to accept and be governed by the law, as given by the Court in its instructions.'

"The evidence in this case is not direct and positive, but presumptive; and your attention has been called to some well known cases of persons convicted of, and executed for capital crimes, whose entire innocence was subsequently made apparent. These arguments and cases only prove that, 'all human evidence, whether it be positive or presumptive in its character, like everything else that partakes of mortality, is fallible. The reason may be as completely convinced by circumstantial—as by positive evidence, and yet may possibly not arrive at the truth by either.'

"The true question, therefore, for your consideration, is not the kind of evidence in this case, but it is, what is the result of it in your minds? If it has failed to satisfy you of the guilt of the accused, and your minds are not convinced, vacillate in doubt, then you must acquit her, be the evidence what it may, positive or presumptive; but if the result of the whole evidence satisfies you, if you are convinced that she is guilty, then it is imperatively your duty to convict her, even if the character of the evidence be wholly circumstantial. Such is the law.

"In resigning this case to you, I deem it my duty to direct your attention to one point, which I suggest that you consider. If the accused administered chloroform, did it indicate that her original intention was solely to rob the vault? Is the act of administering the chloroform consistent with the theory of deliberate and premeditated murder? In examining the fact submitted by counsel, take the suggestion just presented, with you, and if the facts and circumstances proved against her, can be accounted for on the theory of intended, deliberate robbery, without necessarily involving premeditated

murder, it is your privilege to put that merciful construction upon them.

“Gentlemen of the Jury, I commit this mournful and terrible case to your decision; and solemnly adjure you to be governed in your deliberations, by the evidence as you understand it, by the law as furnished in these instructions, and to render such verdict, as your reason compels, as your matured judgment demands, and your conscience unhesitatingly approves and sanctions. May God direct and control your decision.”

[From “Marstan Hall.”]

Some one has spoken of grief too deep to be remembered, but in all the years of his life that followed, Hillary never forgot the despair that crept over him during that wild chaotic night under the Syrian stars. There was with him a consciousness of bereavement irreparable, but he was stunned, crushed by the suddenness of the blow, and with one of those inconsistencies, common to us all when we know, yet strive to doubt, the magnitude of our calamities, he bowed his stricken head on the dying girl's folded hands, and even as her tired heart-beats grew fainter and fainter, asked agonizingly: “How can it be true?” How could those calm stars smile so softly, how could the moonbeams glisten when her dear face lay cold and white on his bosom?

Far out in the blue waves was a white ship, with prow turned from the shore, and the foamy waves were chasing its lessening sails as if anxious to bid those she loved in a distant land “come,” ere the sweet young life waning and flickering so sadly, should die out and leave them only a memory and a lone grave under eastern skies. A mournful wind sighed in the dusky carob trees, and the olive groves glistened white and silver in the moonlight; cushats murmured in the cloud-like bloom of a citron tree, and seagulls screamed as they dipped their white wings in the moonlit sea. A rosy light appeared

over *Jebel-Sunnin's* crown and gathering each drifting cloudlet as it rolled, like the thistle balls or wind-witches of the Tartarian steppes, assumed an immense size and soon overspread the heavens with a vaporous mass, tinted with gold, with silver, and with a rare pale violet, so softly, dreamily beautiful, one might well think it the veil that hides heaven from mortal view.

But had angels drifted with that rosy cloud *Hillary* had not seen them while the clay-cold figure rested on his heart. He was thinking, not of earth's beauty or heaven's peace, but of his beloved and the home in a distant land, where he first knew and loved her; on the grief that would fall as a pall on that happy household, when those she loved should know that their darling slept by the Syrian sea.

It would be dreary going home to them where a heart-breaking silence must, for all time to come, reign in her stead; where, each moment, a book she had handled, a flower she loved well, or her harp unstrung and tuneless, would pierce his heart with memories of the happier days, when she moved amongst them radiant, happy, transcendently lovely. Yet, 'twere sadder still to roam listless and aimless over the earth, far from all who would sympathize with him, bereft of the pure comfort of whispering her name when twilight hours come on, and stricken hearts yearn for the loved and lost, with a sickening loneliness never felt when skies bend blue above us, and sunshine cheers with its mellow ray. Yes! he would go home to them; there was much he could tell them of her life toward its close that would comfort them when their hearts should grow sad with the thought that she had not kissed them ere she died.

There was, even in that hour of appalling desolation, a vague purpose in his heart to make the most of the life stretching so bleakly before him; a life that seemed to his hopeless vision a mighty desert, unblest by a single green oasis, whose only fountains were bitter, and whose only breezes were "winds of death."

We may conscientiously dwell on the thought of what duty exacts from bleeding hearts, but with all our reasoning we know that it is hard to do right under any circumstances, harder still when the burden of grief gets so heavy we would fain sit down with it and give up all thought or care to bear it. All that we do is to reach our hands out dumbly, hoping God will see them and help us, grant us peace and resignation, and make us to bide with patience the time coming when He has better things—eternal peace, eternal rest in store for us. Ah! so hard this weary waiting.

“The ways are dark and the days are dreary,
 And the dreams of youth are but dust in age,
 And the heart gets hardened, and the hands grow weary
 Holding them up for their heritage.”

* * * * *

Old Marjorie was no less delighted than her mistress with the reception accorded the pastor and his household, and dwelt with pardonable pride on the “congregation’s” having sent “a carriage for her and Railroad all to theirselves.”

The old house with its broad piazzas, slanting roof and quaint dormer windows, was especially pleasing to her, reminding her, as it did, of the beloved home of the Marshalls in Culpepper county, where each window “sot out from de ‘stablishment, like Railroad’s eyes when she done broke sumthin’ and feared she gwine ter ketch it.”

But there came an end to Marjorie’s raptures. Late in the evening when the guests had all departed, and there was no more turkey, nor jelly, nor frosted cake, nor strong coffee with which to regale herself, she waxed exceedingly sorrowful, and entering the apartment where Daisy and Gillian sat exchanging confidences after the retirement of their friends, startled Daisy with a countenance so lugubrious that she asked in surprise:

“What is the matter, Marjorie—are you not comfortably fixed for the night?”

“ Oh yes'm. I'se, got a very 'spectable house—yaller wid sto' winders and blin's; but yer see, Miss Daisy, I bin studyin' 'bout Jacob—po' lone critter widdout nobody to bake his hoe-cake! and Jacob mighty 'tick'ler 'bout his hoe-cake. I wants yer ter write ter Marse Luttrill and tell him ter sen' de ole fool here—and be sho' and tell him we's got sto' blin's ter our house. Jacob'll like to swing off dem blin's.”

“ Very well; I will write,” said Daisy, smiling at Marjorie's uneasiness, and doubting if poor old Jacob cared to subject himself again to tyranny.

“ I don't b'leve I gwine ter like dese niggers much,” continued the disaffected Marjorie. “ Dey is all mighty 'ligious, and 'ligious niggers allers steals my chickens. Dey got a prar'er meetin' ter'er night, and I, bein' risky-catic wanted to play tense like I wuzn't buv 'em, an' tole my 'sperunce fur dere 'struction. One mighty sassy yaller 'oman riz up and sed she was berry glad de lady frum furrin parts was so confushusly pious—p'raps she'd head de True Reformers, do' she mus' say dat I wore a berry streaked shawl fur a follerer ob de Lamb! De True Reformers is de name ob a 'siety dey got, and when enny ob 'em dies, dey puts on black frocks and goes to de funeral strung out like ducks goin' to de branch. I tole dis 'oman I didn't bleve in her Reformers, an ef she didn't mine her own bizness, an shet up her sinivations ginst de shawl Marse Guy giv' me wid his own hans Christmas fore las, I'd reform her, and dat mighty quick. Den one ob de Fair Repenters riz—now *aint* dey fair—ink-pots, all ob 'em!—and sed de Fair Repenters ud be berry glad to hab me jine dem—dey wuzn't proud like de True Reformers, and committed de blackes' sinner to come in. I axed her if she knowed what she was talkin' 'bout—if she was conshus dat she was 'sultin' a Marshall of Culpepper county, Verginny, an' I wuzn't nigh as black as she wuz, an' ef she sed it agin I'd lif' off dat bonnit an' jeck de wool off'n her skuli!”

L. ELLA BYRD.

[Silhouettes From "Affinites."]

In Lakeview garden the air was heavy with fragrance of roses that shone white and red in the sunshine, and glimmered pearly and purple in the shade. The drowsy stillness of the June morning might have lulled Vera to sleep, had she not been so conscious that this was her wedding day. For her the silence throbbed with a thousand subtly definable voices, which belonged to loved ones bidding her adieu. Up in the elm overhead a mocking-bird, mad with the joy of his song, was thrilling his heart out in a brave desire to tell what never has been told, and never can be while the world remains. And the leaves flickering about him beat, with their tiny green hands, a soft applause for his stirring melody. A big black and golden bee hummed in and out of the roses, nodding over the trellis as though he relished the perfumed drops left in the pink cups by the night's dew. There was a pervading undertone of locust and cricket, and the subdued hum of many insects, which dared to fancy the world was created for their benefit alone. All this had a meaning for Vera, that she never dreamed it held before. It seemed to thrill her with a knowledge, an appreciation of what she was leaving, in which all regret was sweetened by a dreamy hint of summer days the future held in store. Within her mind she dimly heard the refrain of a poem, whose mystic, passionate lines were born of the mocking bird's song, and the perfume of flowers. The faintly defined melody thrilled her, and she gladly crystalized it into words for her tongue was not slow in responding to fancies.

* * * * *

Night, as if conscious of the great tragedy that had been enacted, spread her pitying wings more densely over the scene, while beneath the throbbing stars, the flowers bent their heads in snow under the tender kiss of the trembling dew drop. The pale moon sank reluctantly, and her doubtful rays seemed to tremble with conscious grief as they struggled through the foliage

and fell in tenderness upon the spot where the groans of Floyd Conway had last been heard. The dawn had scarcely begun to touch the distant horizon the following morning, when his body was found on the beach by a group of laughing children, who searching for white shells, had been frozen with terror at the sight of a hand rising and falling with the crystalline waves on the yellow sand.

* * * * *

Their way lay through a forest of firs, and the variety of prospect it afforded of hill and dale, wood and lawn, was beautiful and romantic. No mark of human workmanship was anywhere visible, except where some trees had fallen by the stroke of the woodman. The streams in the valleys, the lofty trees crowning the summit of the hills, the smooth paths winding away and losing themselves in the dark woods, and above all, the solitude that reigned throughout, composed a scene which tended to harmonize and solemnize the mind.

* * * * *

The quaint old cathedral at Murano was inspected, and then the prow of the gondola was turned towards Torcelli. The heavens were intensely blue. The light air ruffled the waves. Far to the north-west rose the Apulian hills. Now and then a market boat, half covered in the rich grasses it carried, drifted by, a floating garden.

* * * * *

A flirt is a rosebud, from which every lover has plucked a petal, leaving the thorn for the future husband.

* * * * *

The gold from those dear soft locks has slipped into your heart.

* * * * *

If we could only begin life with the experience that is beat into us before its close, what a world of mistakes and troubles would be avoided.

* * * * *

It is a grand nature that can lose sight of self, and
become interested in the aspirations of others.

* * * * *

The kind things said of us are life's sunshine.

ALICE VIVIAN BROWNLEE.

[From "Gleanings From Southland."]

RETURNING HOME AFTER THE WAR.

We started before sunrise and had not gone far when we beheld the encampment of the troops sent to garrison the town. The soldiers were preparing breakfast.

As this was the first view I had of the Federal army, excepting those I saw as prisoners, I looked at them through curiosity, but the rest never gave them one glance. They had some negro women and children with them, the most squalid miserable looking creatures I ever beheld. We met some negro men going to join them, and the negro boy driving us, shouted out, "You had better keep away, as the Yankees are hanging all the darkies they can get." The owner of the wagon, a white man, told us that the owner of one of the old men, who was hobbling to the Yankees, had treated him exactly as if he were one of his own family.

At noon we stopped at a charming spot where we alighted for dinner, under the shelter of a delightful grove of oaks. A lady, living near, kindly invited me to make some coffee upon her kitchen stove. She also gave me a pitcher full of sweet milk. After a good rest we resumed our journey and several times came near having a disaster, one mule taking fright at the number of dead horses and cattle of all kinds which strewed the way, the enemy having killed all for which they had no use. We met hundreds of negroes returning to their homes from Montgomery, where they had had a taste

of freedom, and judging from their appearance, it had brought them everything else but happiness.

As we journeyed along we sang the laments of Ireland, as they best accorded with our feelings. Our conversation was sad indeed, as we recalled the terrible past, and spoke of the gloomy future. Even the wind had a melancholy sound sighing through the trees, and bemoaned and lamented with us o'er our buried hopes, and the graves of that band of unconquered heroes, whose names are radiant with immortality.

The flowers of the forest that fought—aye the foremost,
The prime of our land are cauld in the clay.”

* * * * *
“We'll hae nae mair leltin at the ewe milkin,
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighin and moanin in ilka green loamin.
The flowers of the forest are a'wede away.”

As we neared Montgomery the country presented a rich appearance, and had an air of prosperity. We passed many plantations, the homesteads of which were magnificent houses, embowered in luxuriant shrubbery and lovely flower gardens.

At dark we stopped at a house twelve miles from Montgomery, which was untenanted, except by a few negroes in the kitchen. They gave us an empty room to lodge in for the night, and a good old negress brought us a mattress from her own beds, and put it upon the floor. We spread a shawl on the floor for the children, and the gentlemen improvised bed for themselves in the hall. I did not like the idea of sleeping upon the negro's mattress, but my friend did not mind it. As it was the best we could get, and being weary with our day's jolting, we wrapped ourselves in our shawls and had a good night's rest. We were aroused from our sweet slumbers at 4 o'clock next morning, it being as dark as Erebus, and resumed our journey. When within a short distance of Montgomery we came upon the

Federal encampment—the headquarters of the commanding general—where the gentlemen had to have their paroles inspected.

As we journeyed on, camp after camp, came in view, filled with the mighty hosts who had taken our fair heritage from us. The gentlemen were silent, but the expression on their countenances showed the indignation they felt at seeing their native land in the hands of the conqueror. Oh! I felt so sad as visions of the terrible past arose in review before me. The days, weeks, and months of sufferings I had witnessed, and all for naught. Many a boyish and manly face, in the full hey-day of life and hope, now lying in the silent tomb. But it is not the dead we must think of now, for

“They live immortal, and for them
We need not drop the tear;
Each wears a diadem
In a Celestial sphere.”

We were a solemn company, and the sights greeting us on our entrance to the city, did not dispel the gloom. The stars and stripes were floating over many of the large buildings, and Federal officers and privates were thronging the streets. We put up at the Exchange Hotel, and found in the parlor quite a number of refugees, French people returning to their homes in New Orleans.

With all of the characteristics of that light-hearted people, they were playing the piano and enjoying themselves with as much gusto as if there had never been one dark hour in our sunny land. This cheerfulness was strange to us, but perhaps it was wise. These people had done their duty—had failed—and finding it useless to repine were

“Acting in the living present,
Heart within and God o'er head.”

KATE CUMMINGS.

THE WEIGHT OF A WORD.

Have you ever thought of the weight of a word
 That falls in the heart like the song of a bird,
 That gladdens the springtime of memory and youth
 And garlands with cedar the banner of Truth,
 That moistens the harvesting spot of the brain
 Like dew-drops that fall on the meadow of grain
 Or that shrivels the germ and destroys the fruit
 And lies like a worm at the lifeless root ?

I saw a farmer at break of day
 Hoeing his corn in a careful way;
 An enemy came with a drouth in his eye,
 Discouraged the worker and hurried by,
 The keen-edge blade of the faithful hoe
 Dulled on the earth in the long corn row;
 The weeds sprung up and their feathers tossed
 Over the field and the crop was—*lost*.

A sailor launched on an angry bay
 When the heavens entombed the face of day
 The wind arose like a beast in pain,
 And shook on the billows his yellow mane,
 The storm beat down as if cursed the cloud,
 And the waves held up a dripping shroud—
 But, hark ! o'er the waters that wildly raved
 Came a word of cheer and he was—*saved*.

A poet passed with a song of God
 Hid in his heart like a gem in a clod.
 His lips were framed to pronounce the thought,
 And the music of rhythm its magic wrought;
 Feeble at first was the happy trill,
 Low was the echo that answered the hill,
 But a jealous friend spoke near his side,
 And on his lips the sweet song—*died*.

A woman paused where a chandelier
 Threw in the darkness its poisoned spear;
 Weary and footsore from journeying long,
 She had strayed unawares from the right to the wrong.
 Angels were beck'ning her back from the den,
 Hell and its demons were beck'ning her in;
 The tone of an urchin, like one who forgives,
 Drew her back and in heaven *that* sweet word—*lives*.

Words! Words! They are little, yet mighty and brave;
 They rescue a nation, an empire save;
 They close up the gaps in a fresh bleeding heart
 That sickness and sorrow have severed apart,
 They fall on the path, like a ray of the sun,
 Where the shadows of death lay so heavy upon;
 They lighten the earth over our blessed dead,
 A word that will comfort, oh! leave not unsaid.

Kate Slaughter McKinney, in "Katydid's Poems."

(From Poor Soul's Advocate.)

PADRE FELIPO.

Monsieur le Cure was puzzled, but he did not like to doubt the word of one who was a priest as he was himself. A priest? The tall, supple youth standing before him was more fitting to be one of those mad Spanish soldiers, who had so recently gone to New Orleans with the new governor, than a healer of world-sick souls. For he had nothing or sancity in his luminous eyes and full mouth, usually as richly red as a pomegranate—not a trace of asceticism in his perfect face, darker even than most faces of Spain. Though his *Soutane* was torn and all stained with rain and heavy dews, and clogged about the hem with sand, it was worn with careless grace. Barefooted, with every pulse throbbing from fatigue and faint for food he stood before the old man a suppliant for alms—in calling they were equal—yet there was in his look the dominance of an irresistible magnetism.

"Thou wast on thy way from Texas and those who traveled with thee were slain by Indians, Padre Felipo?" Monsieur le Cure asked after a long silence, wondering why he had not gone to New Orleans instead of coming here to Mobile.

"I have told thee the truth, good father."

Padre Felipe lifted his head with its crown of close-curling black hair and gazed straight down into the perplexed blue eyes of the other. For a moment the old man hesitated, but ashamed of himself quickly said :

“Since the Holy Mother has guided thy steps to me, remain here as long as thou seest fit to do so.”

“To aid thee in thy work?” Padre Felipe questioned and added, “the dear saints know I will do all I can for thee.”

“Dost thou not fear to stay? The yellow fever is in the Settlement and we have much distress among us. Yet I should be glad if thou wouldst dwell with us for a time, for I can scarcely do that which I ought among my people. What with the offices for the dying and dead I cannot find a moment to go to those who need the sickness of their souls cured.”

His doubt and incertitude fled when Padre Felipe replied :

“I do not fear the *vomito*; nor have I had it.”

“That is well then,” the Cure told him, pleased that the brilliant eyes looked into his so fearlessly.

He was a lonely man, and doubly so since the English had come to crush out the bright life of the French, and he rejoiced that Padre Felipe would abide with him. For the latter—he was but a child to the Cure—had, it was evident, that which endears one to hearts worn out by conflicts with the world—strong, rich blood bounding in his veins, and a bold courage ready to meet all danger. Besides he was beautiful as those boy-hermits of the East who had gone forth from crowded cities to the wilderness to pray and fight the devil.

“Sit here, my son,” the Cure urged, pointing to a chair near him, suddenly mindful that Padre Felipe had remained standing since he came an hour ago and noting the lines of weariness in his face.

Glad to ease his limbs Padre Felipe sank in the huge chair. A great languor was on him, and he leaned his head back, closing his broad, long-lashed eyes like one to whom the peace of the place was exquisite. He

had journeyed far that day and many preceding ones, and the big square room of the little wooden house where the priest studied and worked was as blissful verdure in the desert to him. Several moments passed, but he did not open his eyes or speak; and Monsieur le Cure, seeing that he slept, turned to a cumbrous table and began to write letters home to France, also to the Vicar General. His packet would go in the ship which sailed the next morning at daybreak, but a *coureur de bois*, whom he knew well, had promised to take a letter to *Monseigneur* when he journeyed thence. In all of them the Cure told of the Spanish priest Heaven had sent to solace him in this time of plague and sorrow.

Two hours passed during which Padre Felipo slept on and the old man wrote; and as he wrote the tears came in his eyes for longing to see those of his own blood who dwelt apart from him. Pure as he was and above the loves of earth he knew that never, until the dear Christ should receive him in Paradise, would he behold any who had been with him in childhood. Therefore his sight grew dim and his heart ached, though his soul was in the life he led in this wild land, given over now to a alien people to whom the Blessed Mother was no more than an image—a picture on the wall. Yet God was good to send this stranger who had a leonine daring in his features. So he wrote in praise as if in atonement for the doubt that seized upon him when Padre Felipo entered his door, saying that he had been directed there by a soldier at the Fort who gave a surety of welcome.

The heat lessened as the glare of the spent day surged into grayish shadows. The air was cool with the breeze that blew up from the Gulf and caught on its way the scent of the *pinierres* over which it swept.

Monsieur le Cure finished writing and went to vespers in the church near the parochial residence. He did not awaken Padre Felipo; it seemed to his tender thought that the inert figure and bare, bruised feet were too weary even to traverse the short distance to the chapel. But, despite his consideration, he sighed and murmured

a prayer for his weakness in letting the young priest sleep on.

He was absent longer than was his wont, as many people drew about him after the service was done—they had so much to tell him of their joys, and woes, and fears. And the *coureur de bois*, meeting him, had to have a word of sound counsel, since he was prone to fall to wrangling and thought nothing more of a fight than he did of a day's hunt.

Finally it was over, and Monsieur le Cure went home, where he found Padre Felipo still asleep.

Remi, the old man who had long served him, met him at the threshold with more than usual anger in his sour, shriveled visage. A lighted candle was in his hand, which he held so that its flame fell upon their guest.

"*Ouais, mon pere*, how comes this stranger here who sleeps like he was dead? Though he be consecrated by Mother Church, I put no faith in him."

"Remi, thou hadst ever a tongue bitter as those oranges I thought so long were sweet," Monsieur le Cure answered with a smile, curling his fine calm lips. "And like the fruit," he continued, "thou art good only when fire has been applied to thee."

"What dost thou mean?" Remi asked, puckering his leathery face so that it looked as if carved from a walnut.

"This—put the fruit in boiling sugar and it is a sweet-meat fit for a king; and put thee in the heat of trouble and thou comest out—sharp and bitter still, but so true, so steadfast a king might seek thy friendship."

"*Chut*," Remi exclaimed in pretended anger. "Arouse him. Thy supper is cooling, and thou hast hungered since morning; for thy breakfast was given to an old Indian."

"Awake, my son, our evening meal awaits us," Monsieur le Cure called as he laid his hand on Padre Felipo's shoulder.

A slight movement and a long sigh, an upward gesture of the lithe sinewy arms and the heavily fringed

lids lifted from the broad eyes, and Padre Felipo was awake.

Springing up he glanced about him beyond the light of Remi's candle into the shadows like one who had good cause to dread the night. But as the drowsiness cleared from his brain he said, with a smile of infinite sweetness :

“ The Indians have made me fearful.”

“ They would make the evil one himself quake,” Remi declared.

“ Remi, set a flask of wine out, for Padre Felipo is overcome and needs his strength restored.”

“ Yes, Monsieur le Cure,” Remi assented. Yet he went off, muttering : “ Wine, my master serves this wayfarer better than he does himself, since not a drop does he ever taste, though he needs it much at times. Such fine, rich wine, too, and cordials as we have—and all given to any ailing Indian or rascal of a soldier who tells a tale of fatigue. Bah !”

While Remi was gone the priest bade Padre Felipo go in the next room where he could wash the dust from his face and hands, and poor bruised feet. When he had finished they were bidden to supper, which Remi placed upon the heavy table where the master had written his letters.

There were crabs made in a savory soup with onions and garlic and powdered sassafras leaves, the last a trick of flavoring caught from the Indians, and little twisted loaves of white bread from the Royal Bakery ; then there was the flask of wine, rufescent and strong enough to send the laggard blood hurrying from heart to brain ; and for desert, pink-fleshed figs as sweet as honey.

They talked but little while they ate, for Padre Felipo was nearly famished and the Cure was busy thinking of the work he had to do that night among the sick. For him, he only ate a few figs and a bit of bread and drank a cup of water cooled in huge jars that were left to cool in the shade. Remi sat at table with them, and being

fond of the soup he had prepared he ate a quantity of it and drank wine enough to dull his wits.

After they had eaten and the color was warm in Padre Felipo's lips the Cure went to the church with him, where he left him and went on his way among his parishioners to pray and watch with them

Dipping his hand in the holy water Padre Felipo crossed himself, then walked slowly to the altar on which the gold and silver shone in the moonlight flowing through an open window. The great brazen crucifix glittered as though it were day, and the marble Mother and Child gleamed with the softness of pearl in the transmuting radiance. Over it ail rose the sweetest incense earth can give to Heaven—the odor of snowy oleanders and jasmine some maiden had heaped at the Virgin's feet.

He knelt, and looking on the awful agony of the cross a shudder passed through him and his eye sgrew moist; over his face swept a look of such worshiping love as made it sweet with ineffable tenderness. Bending his head he told his beads and wept until the hot salt tears fell upon his dark slender hands. He was very young; and the griefs of his soul brought forth the tears, ever quick to spring at his age. As he prayed tranquility came to his heart and his weeping ceased, though he knelt on and on while about him the white light streamed; then grew dim and dimmer as the night waned. At last it ebbed away and a thick darkness filled the chapel.

Each day he went through the burning sun that fed the greedy pestilence like fuel feeds a fire, and tended those who were ill. Held to their cracked lips the hot drink made from orange leaves, which brought ease and blessed moisture to the racked limbs; he sat in the stifling rooms listening to the babble of delirium until his lungs were choked; He bent over the yellow corpses that reeked with black vomit and made them clean for burial—all with humble gentleness that made the Cure's heart rejoice. Even Remi overcame his prejudice and acknowl-

edged the patience that touched sublimity. But never once did Padre Felipo hear confession or administer the last rites, saying he was not fit.

Monsieur le Cure thought it strange, though he let him have his way; for he knew how in many a soul there often abode reason for secret expiation for some sin, however slight. He was sure that in good time the boy—as he fondly called him—would seek the amelioration of the confessional. So being wise, the old priest said nothing and waited, but he wished many times for relief in the church.

One midday when the sky was gray as if its blue had been eaten out by the awful heat, and not even the faintest puff of breeze stole from the Bay the Cure had an urgent summons to a dying fisherman, who lived far below the Settlement. Before he went he sought Padre Felipo, who sat on his bed of Pine straw and skins more worn than on the day he came. For he had breathed in the poison of the plague until it filled his veins, and even now a fever was scorching him.

“Brother,” the old man said with his wise calm eyes fixed on the haggard features before him, “I am called to a dying creature who lives far from here. I may not return until to-morrow, so thou must go to the church in my place this evening. Should any soul be passing in Mobile give it—”

He never finished, for Padre Felipo rose up, crying with horror in his voice:

“No, no, Father, I am not fit. I have told thee that ever since I came.”

The serenity of the Cure was broken by such surprise that he could only stammer:

“Not fit, not fit? Thou who hast been a very saint among my people.”

A long pause, in which Padre Felipo looked through an open window at a distant stretch of ground covered with rank coffee-weeds, then beyond to the dense pine-trees brushing against the low sultry clouds. His restless gaze swept back and strayed to a myrtle, whose crinkled pink

blossoms seemed curling more closely in the heavy air. An overripe fig dropped to the earth from the tree before him. The rustling of the foliage as it fell roused him and he slowly said :

“ Was there ever a saint who lied ? ”

“ What dost thou mean ? Speak my son. ” The Cure urged with quivering mouth. “ But come, ” he entreated ; holding out his hand to Padre Felipo.

“ To the confessional ? No ; it would be sin to tell thee there what I have done. ”

Outside Remi called that the man who had come for Monsieur le Cure was in great haste—he feared a storm, and storms on the Bay were dangerous.

Padre Felipo flung himself on his knees before the Cure and bent down until his face was hidden. Stooping over him the old man laid his wrinkled hand on the black curls, thick and soft as astrakhan.

Again Remi called.

“ Father, ” Padre Felipo’s breath came in gasps as he leaned more heavily against the priest, “ I have lied. I was never in Texas—I am from New Orleans. I—I—am no priest. ”

“ No priest ? What is the meaning of thy act ? ” the Cure asked, thinking how he had doubted Padre Felipo the day he came. But he kept his hand on the clustering hair. No matter what the sin he—God’s servant—had no right to judge.

“ My son— ”

Remi entered the room followed by the fisherman’s brother, a sullen black-browed creature, who said it was high time they were off as he had no mind to be on the Bay in a storm. The Cure was compelled to go. Bidding Padre Felipo *adieu* he set out with many misgivings, since he thought the living had greater need of him than the one to whom he went.

He did not return until late the next night. When he entered his house Remi met him with all the sour look gone out of his shriveled face on which there was a

deep solemnity. The place was oppressively still, and on the table lay Padre Felipo's rosary. The clumsy door between the big front room and the small one back of it was closed.

"How many have died since yesterday?" the Cure asked, sitting down in his huge chair.

For a moment Remi hesitated, then answered in a hushed tone :

"There has been but one."

"Old Baptiste Valcour; was it not?"

"Baptiste is doing well, and yesterday asked for an onion, which was given him. He began to grow strong the moment he ate it."

"Who then is dead?"

"Padre Felipo."

"Padre Felipo? He was well but yesterday."

"Not so. Even then the fever was on him, and he said he had ailed for days. This morning early the black blood came up from his stomach, and he died at noon."

"Remi spoke like a man who held something back, which he dreaded to tell.

Seeing this the Cure asked :

"Did he leave no word for me?"

"He knew nothing. The fever gripped his brain so that he had no sense, but—"

For the first time in his life the priest looked sternly at his servant.

"Thy own sense has left thee, Remi. Tell me quick whatever thou knowest."

"My good master," Remi laid his hand on the Cure's, "I made Padre Felipo sweet and clean for his grave; as I knew thou wouldst have me do; on his bared shoulder I saw the *fleur de lis*—the mark of a slave."

Without a word the Cure went in where the dead lay with candles burning at his head and feet, and knelt beside him.

Remi crossed himself saying a prayer for the departed soul; then he passed out in the breathless night, where the loathsome bats flew and a little gray bird sang its divine melody.

ANNE BOZEMAN LYON,

Author of "No Saint," "The Early Missions of The South," &c.

SELLIN' OLE MASTER.

All Birmingham's suburbs were filled with rolling of drums and ringing of fifes. Negroes are negroes wherever you put them, fond of gay color, frantic over noise; and here in touch of a bustling city they were as mad over a 9th of April "turn-out" as ever they were when they were laborers on the Black Belt plantations. They held to the same programme that had done service for more than thirty years; a procession of s'cieties, picnic dinners, queerest of orations, one marshal (mounted on a horse fretted with girded martingales and pricking spurs) to every "hund'ard head er marchers."

No two people in all the crowded shabby tenement rows felt more excited over the day's preparations than old Umber and his wife Mimy. First they had to get out of their everyday garments and into their "Benevolent" paraphernalia. The women of the "Malevolents," as Aunt Mimy persisted in calling her beloved order, dressed in red and orange calico; the men in blue and orange.

The hardest matter of all was for Uncle Umber to lodge his three-cornered red hat with a yellow cock's-tail on his well combed, well greased wool.

Mimy had a well filled lunch basket, a regular old hand-made plantation white oak split basket, brought up from the River place when the old couple moved up to North Alabama. This basket was lodged between hip and elbow to leave a hand free for bearing the banner of

the s'ciety, given to the one who had paid most "jues."

Umber was to come out of the one room, designated "house," last to lock the door and put the key into a pocket difficult to find in that suit of brave colors. This he had done as he thought satisfactorily, when Mimy whispered ominously:

"Ole man."

"Ole 'oman?" hoarsely breathed Umber.

"Did you look at de sock?"

"Naw."

"Go back an' look. I couldn't swing dat flag, let 'lone I couldn' step ter dat drum to-day lessen I knowed dat sock wus safe 'fo' I goed."

"You know hit's safe," grumbled Umber, whose gay rig made him uncomfortable enough since it fitted him no better than its colors fitted each other, and who was anxious to be off to the show to forget in nosie and bustle his discomfort. Nevertheless, back he went and looked.

The sock and the savings were safe. Off marched the old people for a day of dust and heat and sweat and song and noise and speech and hurrah and childish glee.

It was at sun-setting that Umber and Mimy, with faces turned homeward, stopped suddenly and with one accord before the junk shop on Twenty-second street.

"Ole man? questioned Mimy in tones keen with surprise.

"Ole 'oman!" cried Umber.

"Hit's him, ole man," declared Mimy. "Ef marster had stood up and flung a colored shadder of hisse'f 'ginst a wall, hit couldn't be no mo' like him dan dat is."

"Hit's his spi't an' image."

"Hit's de ve'y blush of him."

"Dar's his finger ring!"

"Watch chain, too. An' dem charmin' things hangin' on it, key, leetle banjo, 'gater-toof, an' all."

"Dat is de truf!"

While the two old negroes stood entranced before the picture against the shop door, an auctioneer's flag

was hung out in front of the shop and a crowd began to collect about the glib-tongued auctioneer, who stood on the threshold crying out the estimable qualities of the old furniture handed to him or rolled in sight of the crowd by his two assistants in cardigan jackets. A very young man in a tall beaver hat was taking down the names of purchasers and prices at which articles were bid off.

The two negroes recognized most of those pieces of old-time china or heavy mahogany at the sale. Some keen eyed dealer had perhaps bought out the contents of some old plantation mansion and was selling now to these bidders what pieces could not be disposed of to more artistic buyers.

To Mimy and Umber that one great oil painting leaning against the door-facing, seemed to grow more and more human. They knew old master had lain in his grave nearly thirty years, but at this moment it seemed to them that he was alive and looking with grieved eyes, at the sale of the goodly dishes that had so often graced his own most hospitable board.

The old husband and wife heaved many a heavy sigh as they saw the familiar articles go into strangers' hands. The lot was almost disposed of when two men in tight jackets swung round the great picture in its heavy gilt frame.

"What do I get for this? What do I get for this?" called the auctioneer. "Fine representation of old time southern planter. Good for old family portrait, or good for fancy sketch. Cover one whole side of ordinary sized room. What am I offered? Real oil painting. Frame alone worth twenty dollars if it is worth a cent. What am I offered? Have I a five?"

"Fifty cents," bid a red-faced wag.

"Save my soul," cried Mimy.

"Sake er heaven," cried Umber.

"Ole man?" queried Mimy.

"Ole 'oman?" questioned Umber, in deepest perplexity.

“Dee are sellin’ ole master!”

“Oh, my soul,” groaned Umber, “I thought dis blessed Free-day put end ter sellin’ niggers, but what sort er times is dese! Ole master on de block!”

“Hit can’t be did,” asserted Mimy.

“Hit’s bein’ did,” declared Umber.

For since the loud guffaw at the bid of fifty cents, the bid had crept up to six dollars and seventy-five cents.

“A saloon keeper was ahead:

“It’ll pay me something,” he had said, “Old Southern Planter Saloon, eh?”

Umber had heard him. He knew well enough what that meant, and the thought of that quiet dignity, those great kind brown eyes looking down on the crowd in that low place made the old servant’s heart almost crack with grief.

“Ole man, bid!” urged Mimy, who was always quicker in thought than he.

“Bid?” queried Umber, thoroughly dazed and looking pitiful enough with his decrepit old body clad in its gaudy colors and two great drops of sorrow on his wrinkled brown cheeks.

“Holler seven dollar!” whispered Mimy, poking him in the ribs.

“Whar I gwine git seven dollar?”

Poor Umber was sorely puzzled.

“Sock,” said Mimy decisively.

There was a sort of movement among the auctioneer’s assistants, the boy in the beaver was about to jot down the name of the saloon keeper as purchaser of the picture, when the old woman’s voice rang out clear and loud:

“Seben dollar, two bits.”

There was quite a stir in the crowd at this, but the auctioneer intent only on business and a per cent of the proceeds, began:

“Seven and a quarter! Seven and a quarter! A quarter, I have! Have I a half? Have I a half? No, quarter? Give me a half, a half, a half!”

With more excitement the bidding proceeded until Umber nudged his excited wife to whisper warningly :

“Sock’s nigh empty.”

For though that repository of savings was safe in its hiding place at home, both knew to a cent its contents.

“Week’s wages on de washin’,” whispered Mimy.

When the bids reached twenty-seven dollars and some cents the saloon man became wearied and worried out. He began to fancy the “Jolly Boy” suited his concern and custom better anyhow, and a chromo with lots of color would look just as well to the besotted eyes in his place as this delicate work in oil; so he twirled on his heel and the field was left to old Mimy. While old Umber stood guard over it Mimy went home for the sock.

It was in the “booming” days of Birmingham, when fortunes were made in a week and lost in an hour, when habits of reckless expenditure, dissipation and speculation were formed which a lifetime could hardly live down. A young real estate agent, just married and sorely tempted to tread every way that led to luxury, was at late dusk walking with an acquaintance down one of the streets of Birmingham’s suburbs. The acquaintance was laying a very fascinating scheme before the agent. With the least bit of chicanery quite a pretty fortune could be made. It was a tempting bait and the young man was taking the plan into very serious consideration as the two walked together down the shabby new lane of scrappy tenement rows.

Things had gone badly with the two old negroes. The sock once emptied seemed fated never to be refilled. A month’s illness, the unfortunate scorching of a batch of fine shirts sent to be laundered, the mounting dues of the “Benevolents,” with many other adverse matters, had brought the old people to direst poverty.

The young negroes in the surrounding tenement rooms found nothing more diverting than the great picture of the old master in the little one room cabin.

“Do he feed yer?”

“Do he pay board?”

“How long yer gwine ter have comp’ny?”

“ Who yer b'long to ? ”

“ Keep yer master's eye on yer, ”

These were exclamations constantly launched at the old couple.

They were sensitive to all this. Hints of past servitude from their own race are never welcome to ex-slaves.

Yet amid all the jeering Aunt Mimy always declared to Umber that it was “ precious comfort fer ter know ole master wasn't lookin' down on dem drinking rowdies down ter Machbeck's saloon. ”

It was the 9th of April again, but the old people had only looked on at the march this time, first because Umber's rheumatism was too sharp to permit him to step to the music of fife and drum, next because they had no goodly lunch basket, again no banner to carry, for their contributions came far down in the list of “ jues, ” also their hearts were heavy with their hopeless poverty.

They were talking in the cool of the afternoon as they sat by their little moldering pieces of coke gathered up by Aunt Mimy's still shiftful hands. They talked of the bit of land somewhere about this region that old master had bought to make a vineyard. They called to remembrance how old mistress had talked in her life-time of putting Umber to tend the place because of his experience in grape growing way back in old Virginia. How at last the place had dwindled to an acre or more on account of frequent sales from it. How old mistress had deeded that to Umber and Mimy, for faithful service. This had brought the old people up from South Alabama. Aunt Mimy still kept a paper browned by age, a deed to this bit of land given after the war to the old people by the old mistress herself just before her death. They said now to each other if they could just find that land they might with their own hands put up a shanty and be free of that dreadful grinding rent.

Windows and doors were wide open as they had kept them in their old plantation cabin and as the cool April

breezes blew in, they drew near to their narrow, ungenerous little grate, and thought up uncouth fairy stories of happy things that might come into their pinched lives.

Young Archie Kilfex walked on and talked over the pros and cons of the land deal with his tempter. "All this," said the young man, waving one hand over the street and laying the other on Archie's shoulder, "All this can be ours if you advance just half that amount of money and keep quiet."

"But the heirs are some where, what a cheat to them," objected Archie, but in his heart he was yielding, he was about to take that first step out of the path of perfect honor.

"Don't be squeamish," began his would-be partner in the scheme, but Archie had stopped short in the shabby lane like a man suddenly confronted with some spirit from the land of the departed.

"What ails you?" cried his companion.

"I tell you I can't do it. Say no more about it to me. I won't do it," declared Archie.

His words were decided enough and the tones were those of a man awake to his resolution, but his eyes were fixed as if some spirit sight held them.

Was it a miracle wrought in this matter-of-fact century, a miracle to save him, the inheritor of an honest name, from any faintest smirch of dishonor?

Was it a miracle that let him look as he had not looked since he was a little child, into the honest depths of his father's eyes?

Had that kindly encouraging smile shaped itself into the very heavens to lure him to highest good, to uphold him to resistance of every temptation?

"What ails you, man?" asked his companion again.

Archie cared not to speak of the miracle vouchsafed him in his hour of need, only he could not take his eyes from his father's face.

"Well, I don't wonder!" following Archie's gaze. "An oil painting and a fine one if this light doesn't deceive me, and in a negro shanty!"

"Let's go in," suggested the young man. Once in the cabin the story of the picture was soon told. The old people repeated the fairy tales they had been relating to each other, and showed the yellow deed.

Archie looked at the young man: "I was saved," he said, "as by a miracle, from soiling my own honesty and demolishing my own mother's generosity to her most faithful servitors."

It was but a moment before the old people,—ready for relief in any blessing, on their beloved Emancipation Day, for freedom is sweet be the master ever so kind,—were full of rejoicing over the finding of master's son and their own fortune.

"I will redeem the ten acres for you, it shall be yours," declared Archie; "this very house you live in, these other shanties, all this hill-slope will be yours,—and the picture?"

Archie looked up at the handsome, kindly face. It was the only bit of his home life he had seen or known since he had been adrift in the world these thirty years.

"This picture—?"

"Hit's yourn, Marse Archie! Hit's yourn," hastily interpolated old UMBER.

"Us buyed it des fer you." Mimy insisted unctuously, regardless of the spirit of truth; "it's precious comfort, too, ter know it haint hanging ober ter Machbeck's place, dough he did bid pretty steady at—at—at—de—sale.

MARTHA YOUNG,

in The Chataquan.

(From The Southern Magazine, Louisville, Ky.)

THE BEAST THAT BOUGHT ME.

And you would have me put posterity to blush with recount o' my roguery? Since you will, here's to your patient hearing, but should you ever need like cunning, your wits may serve you better than my example; men have no time for recollection when circumstances press.

You know how the Irish rebels trampled the tail o' the old century. Shame, sir, but methinks the Christians had not been such heathens since bloody Bartholomew! I'd 'ave died for my father that was piked and tossed in a gravel pit to rot; I'd 'ave died for my mother that they bound and burned in her bed; but when it came to dying for a king that I hadn't the honor to know, and a God that had turned his back—well, my sentiment all took to my heels in those days, so I gave my country the chance to live without me and little I brought away save the love o' a laugh and the musical roll o' my tongue;

You know the *whys*, I'll spare my breath of the *hows*. The hay-loft o' an Ennisco' thy rebel sheltered the first night o' my orphanage and I was that sick o' trouble that had not my brain been drunk with sleep, I'd 'ave dreamed o' the time when the sky swapped compliments with the bloom o' my new-mown bed. As 'twas, when the clanking o' chains smote my carnage tuned ear, I started, to see through the open gable and the sharp disk o' the sun cut the blood stained horizon and cleanly rise—a soul set free from bodily decay!

"Come, come," said a man in the stable below; "quit ye yawning and yoke the bulls while I whisk the pony to the cart! We've no time to lose to-day!"

"There's no need o' a hurry fayther," yawned the sleepy lout. "They'il no' do their own like harm."

"Och, don't be arguing," stormed the man. Little it recks an they be left to bray o' accidents when we're turned crackling; gear up, I say. By the saints, I've a mind to view the fire t'other side o' the Slaney."

"And you'll have the company o' your betters 'cross the ford," resolved I, through the chink, "profit you as it may! "Ay, sir, they did too, for when they turned to fetch the women for the flight, I swung from my place in the loft and crept 'neath the awning o' the plunder filled wagon, and not only disposed o' my whip-tailed body to advantage, but breakfasted from a box o' victuals near by. Sure, and 'twas stuffy quarters for a fair June day, but I thanked the Providence that had left me to the ox

and the boy instead o' wiser heads, and as the waters o' the river trickled cool from the wheels, I turned the waters o' hope a sizzling on my throttle and closed my eyes to hide the narrow view.

We were some miles on the road to Wexford when the cart came to a stand and the boy called the man ahead :

"Hist, fayther, hist ! Be spooks abroad by light o' day?"

"An they were," answered the man, "they'd step aside for fools. What be ye after now?"

"Sure, fayther," whined the lad, "but I've heard strange noises these three times and when I look I see not man, ner beast, ner any living thing."

"Och, Dennis, don't be after scolding the child," pleaded his mother; "mayhaps the spirit o' old friends are with us even now!"

And though I could not see, I knew they bowed and crossed themselves for the repose o' fleeing souls. Fact was, I had grown as dry as Ishmael with the day and came near being betrayed through fits o' coughing, so I made convenience o' the first green hedge to wink good-bye to such dry company.

As I raised my head from the waters o' a meadow ditch, the coppery smoke that dimmed the western sky was the last I ever saw o' Ennisco'thy!

I *lied* my way to Wexford. And do you start? I knew no code o' ethics then, and for truth, 'twas somewhat satisfactory to use the devil's fire to light my pipe (an you understand such profanity). Had I not *lied*, I had not lived to cuddle on the old sea wall that soft June night.

To long accustomed eyes my dusty figure seemed a patch o' pewits in the gloaming, and I lay upon my back that calm 'o night might sink into my breast. The moonlight shown upon the bay like the golden ripples o' a woman's head upon her pillow, and the little waves, all lover like, toyed with the loose-blown strands. A wretch benumbed, I gazed across the water for a sail, much as a

man counts sheep o'er fence to bring him sleep. Ere long, I saw just faintly fan the bay what seemed to me the beckoning wing o' the dove o' peace! You've guessed, I see. 'Twas a trader making straight for Wexford docks and my own heart thumped me off the wall to meet her. Like a hated toad, I leapt from one dark shadow to another afraid to break the light nap o' a dog. 'Twas to wakes and the gruesome tales o' war that I owed my secret stowing, for I tell you, land legs are clumsy things when it comes to scaling the tarry side o' a ship with the help o' a greasy rope. Sure, and I must have ta'en all that trouble to find the hold that I might have a quiet place for thinking how to get out again. What with the stifling and pleading o' my stomach to my head. I made a bold break for deck next day, past the jeers and the tar daubs o' the sailors, to fall exhausted at the captain's feet. Shame, but his heart was all out o' proportion with his other vitals, for he'd grudge a dog a bone while scratching his nose with his vest buttons; and though his career had been as checkered as his face, he'd no more sympathy with misfortune than the old sow has with the pigs she eats.

It may be that I rudely disturbed his sun-mixed meditation, for though he eyed me calmly he raised his pudding foot as if to give me to the sea. Right here a light shone in his eye like a far off star behind a mist and methought a kindly spark had risen from the deep stirred ashes o' his heart; by and by, you'll know what 'twas that lit his eye. As he regained his stand he spat upon the floor and viewed me from the corner o' his eye.

"And you've left the rotten ship to gnaw into the granaries o' others, you dirty rat!" snarled he. "I've a mind to add another to Davy Jones' locker. Get to the galley and find a task at platter washing, you whining wench!"

Faith, 'twas for my stomach's sake that I did this bidding with a mighty zest. But I soon found friends in the forecastle. Let me tell you here, all sailor's hearts are not so sea seared as their faces. Those wild rude

melodies that woke the midnight sea are flowers that
bloom above the dead leaves o' the past!

* * * * *

With touching here and there 'twas autumn before
we reached America.

The distant woods along the Delaware shone like a
bright Mosaic wedge 'twixt earth and sky; the sweet
mouthed forest sang o'liberty, the waters caught the tune
o' freedom's hymn and rolled a mighty anthem to the sea!
The sun rose on us in the Philadelphia docks. All that
bright morn I tingled with the frost and madly danced, a
human puppet pulled by nature's string. As I kicked
my cap to my head and spun fore on my bare heel, I
beheld a high hatted, solemn visaged gentleman eyeing
me with pity for my wickedness and admiration for my
misdirected muscle.

“A fine lad,” said he solemnly to the captain, “an
his head keeps not pace with his heels.”

“I warrant no Irish brat,” was the grudgeful reply.
“The old Isle is that sick at her stomach she pukes 'em up
by the hundreds. He boarded me, his pockets as empty as
his belly, but leave me to teach him the ropes!” and he
chuckled o'er his cruel might. I know not what unseen
intercessor moved the man to wish aloud that he had
such a lad about the farm.

“An yer'll pay his passage, yer' welcome to him,”
said the captain with a greedy grunt. “He has no lug-
gage wherewith to trouble yer.”

“For truth?” said the man delightedly. “Nay, but
I have not the ready money to spare; but,” said he, hesi-
tating for the propriety, “dost see the young ass tied to
the rack at the turn o' the river's bank? I brought it to
market to-day, but thee'st as leave, I'll give it thee for
the boy and be off with him.”

“Humph!” said the captain, balancing the trade in
his mind, “tis but fair that one ass goeth for another.
Come, let's see which be the better beast o' the two.”

And with that, I was tossed in one side o' the cradle o' liberty, and out t'tother without so much as the liberty o' a good bye to the boys!

* * * * *

Have you ever watched the day a-giving old Radnor to the night? 'Tis as a mother wraps her loved one in bright folds and lays it in the dusky arms o' the nurse!

As we jogged down the stone-hedged lane and drew up at the barn, the smell o' the pumpkins and the pigs in the pen were that home-like, that I cried aloud to my spirit that was winging its way back over the sea.

The Dutch lay mighty stress upon their barns as well you know, and as I husked the corn for the cow's evening meal, I wondered if the horn of plenty had not upset in the racks; and, as later on, I washed my face in the tin basin on the back porch and polished myself with the towel that rolled above, the incense from supper a-cooking in the kitchen would have turned the head o' the Pope on a fast day! Strange, I recall not at all the taste o' it. Embarrassment often afflicts the tongue while leaving the nostrils free.

I was not pressed into domestic service the first night, but quietly left in the dining-room for the collection o' my wits. My bare feet dangled from the chimney-seat and I twirled my cap for diversion. Opposite sat Harry, grinning fellowship and spoiling figures on his slate, while blue-eyed Mary, trim and saintly, sat in her little chair just in front o' the fire. Of a sudden she ceased thumbing her brand new primer and gazed compassionately upon me.

"How old art thee, Timothy Tooke?" asked she, most gravely.

"My mother put fourteen plums in my last birthday pudding, one for each year," said I.

"Then," said Harry, "thee art mine own age, and Mary is just seven, which makes her half as old."

"Methinks she has greatly the advantage o' us," said I, "for when we are one hundred and ready to drop into the grave, she'll be but the comfortable age o' fifty."

Whereat Master Harry laughed so loudly and so unman-nerly criticised my arithmetic that his mother stuck her head in the door for reproof.

"Canst thee not read?" asked Mary sorrowfully.

"Nay, little lady," said I, "but had I your brother's chance he could not boast above me!"

"Thee shall have it!" cried she. "Thee shall learn from my new book! 'Tis a good book 'cause it came across the mighty sea."

"I'm glad you have a good opinion o' things that cross the sea," said I. "I came that way myself."

Placing her slim white finger on the big red letter at the top o' the page she said; "Now this is A, and surely thee must know this animal it stands for just across."

"Begorrah!" said I, "and 'tis none other than the beast that bought me!"

With this, Master Harry must roll off his seat and under the table in fits o' laughter which goes to prove that Quakers are not born but made. For ungodly conduct, we were ordered to bed, he and Mary to their rooms upstairs, and I to the little room on stilts above the springhouse.

The early morning, my master, Thomas Hacker by name, came to instruct me in my daily tasks, and here comes the epilogue.

"Timothy Tooke, I would have thee understand thy station. I took thee part for need but much for mercy from thine owner, for 'tis not in my religion to hold a slave. When thou hast earned thy passage, which I paid, if thee lik'st us not thou art free to go thy way."

Tears o' gratitude flushed my eyes and eloquence tickled my tongue.

"O, good sir, I swear——" began I, but my sentence remains unfinished to this day. With stern disapprobation full upon me, he said, "Let thy converse be yea and nay!" and stalked majestically away.

Should you ever be called upon to make a Quaker, pray use something else but an Irishman for a lining. Why, at the bare hint o' an adventure I was for turning

myself inside out, much to the misery o' my master. And for the life o' me I could not help strolling past the cross roads meeting-house to old St. David's, where I could lie on the wall in the shade o' the trees and enjoy the scraps o' sermon that floated through the open window as I slapped at the flies with my cap. And though I was suspected o' leading Hal astray the day we ran away to play Paoli with the boys, his generosity proved my innocence and peace reigned paramount once more.

Have you ever felt impelled to *join* something? Faith, it comes in the life o' every man and methinks 'tis but the honest craving for fellowship. It seems to me that the very trees were banded together in defense o' the land they loved, and so when I would have enrolled in the militia and my master forbade, I fretted as any restless steed beneath the bit. Still, for the sake o' others, I followed the plow o' peace and turned many a Latin sonnet as I turned the perfumed furrow, for I'd been no sluggard in the winter schools.

Had it not been for the burial o' Wayne my life might have been as the ebb and flow o' a sluggish sea! 'Twas a brave hand that brought that bag o' bones o'er the mountains, and the events o' the day, which threatened to raise St. David's dead, would have stirred a duller soul than mine. 'Twas then the spirit's true patriotism smote me and I joined the county militia, *regardless!*—and, much as one goose follows another, what should that fond Hal do, spite o' remonstrance, but enlist just after me! Can't you hear the splash o' the boulder o' distrust as it dropped in the stream o' affection that flowed 'twixt me and my master? Ever after he regarded me much as I did the devilish old bell-wether that would let down the fence to the rest o' the flock.

* * * * *

You'll not criticise my looking away? I've little countenance for the coming chapter of my story.

I know not how, but it so transpired, that in the first soft flush o' spring, Mary and I met in the budding

uplands alone; and as we knelt to pull the pink arbutus from the matted ferns, my blowzy curls—that would never stay under my cap—touched her brown hair—that was too smooth to hold her bonnet—and the wicked god, Love, that seems ever to dwell 'mid flowers, did so dare me that I kissed her! She started to her feet, but not as a deer scents danger, for I saw beneath her self-condemning lids, that the prayer o' her heart had been answered! So I crept a little closer and kissed the hem o' her garment and said:

“Mary, this tender bloom within your fragile hand is not more pleasing than your own fair face, and were you but this vine I'd gladly be the dust beneath, to have your tendrils touch me e'er so lightly!”

Now Mary was no sly coquette but stood serene and said in low, true tones:

“I see thee lovest me, Timothy, and I have long thought well o' thee, and if thee findest favor in my father's eyes, I'll be thy loving wife—not else.”

Did seem to me that as we, hand in hand, strolled homeward, some demon o' the air had stolen those words “not else” to gibe above, below, to hiss into my ear and shriek from out the forest as he fled!

Now I doubt not that the kindling for this conflagration had been gathered by the hand o' fate from the hour o' our births, yet when the spark let fall did seem to me a most relentless fire, though I acted hastily in rushing to the old man for a bucket o' water wherewith to temper the flames. But you can no more reason with a starving man about the blowing o' his broth than you can help smiling when he howls for his haste.

The house was too small for me that evening so I trod the air outside, and when the flicker o' a candle told me that the master was alone, I rapped lightly on the sitting-room door. A surprised voice bade me enter. The master sat by a table, his index finger marked his place on the open page, his eyes peering curiously above his glasses. That my courage might have no time for eking I began at once the unburdening o' my soul.

"Mr. Hacker," said I, and the words seemed unhumanly loud, "I come to beg that further extension o' thy fatherly generosity that shall make me thy son indeed."

Now if he had only buoyed me with one word, the situation would have been bearable, but as it was I seemed drowning, sinking never to rise again, in pitiless, fathomless silence! With a mighty effort, as one half-conscious breaks a nightmare, I cried imploringly, "Your child has honored me with her love, and 'tis for you to say if she shall bear my name, which God be my witness, shall yet be worthy o' her!"

Ah, my friend, a Quaker's a Quaker- and a man's a man! 'Twas as the latter my master arose, transformed by such righteous indignation as makes a king o' a commoner, and trembling, white to the teeth, said he: "*Thy name!* I know not that thee hast a *name* save from thine own perfidious tongue! Thee art more ungrateful than the beast with which I bought thee! Thee hast cast an evil spell upon my house. Thee hast led my son in the ways o' sin and tried to steal my daughter. Get thee forever from my sight and may the wrath o' God attend thee!" and as he pointed to the door that stood ajar, I backed respectfully from his presence with that humility that becomes a sinful man who has dared to love an angel!

Slowly I climbed the steps o' my room above the springhouse and threw together a bundle o' clothes for my wanderings.

This shouldered, I stumbled on to the highway, looking back just once at the little window that the stars were lovingly guarding. As I came to the cross roads I was suddenly accosted by a kindly voice from behind the meeting house. "Hist, Timothy!" it said, "'tis only Hal. Hath thee forgotten David and Jonathan? Take this, and when thee art able, return it," and thrusting a purse o' his hard earnings into my astonished fingers, he took back down the road with such alacrity as paternal ire begets.

I stood transfixed in the moonlight! No matter where I turned my face, I saw only my arid future upon which the finger o' fate had written in great black letters "*pariah, pariah!*" All thought gave way to hot and cold sensations and I know not how I got up the pike, but sure it was—though I reddened to tell it—that I turned into the inn and was soon that drunk that I shouldn't have known Mary from the sign o' the Eagle that flapped in the wind outside, bad luck to my unaccustomed head.

By peep o' day, I took to the woods for shame and upon the Conestoga road fell in with some emigrants who were following up a fall prospectus with a spring move. "Sure," thou ght I, "my guardian angel must have been a teamster in his day, to be ever sending a wagon for the transportation o' my sorrow."

With the help o' Hal's loan, I joined the party to Kentucky. You've read a thousand times o' those trails and their trials. When we struck our clearing on the banks o' the Cumberland, 'twas late in the month o' May and nature danced to greet us. As I drew the bar from my batten door and gazed across the dew bespangled scene, methought how well 'twould be if man would pattern more from the God that made him, for even his barriers have their charms. I could not for the life o' me erase reflected gladness. From those fortresses o' rose vines that overhung the river's bank peeped myriad little faces all aglow, each shaming my ungrateful melancholy; and so at last joy and grief sat hand clasped, like meek twin sisters, in my breast. Though sorrow dulled my brain it must have lent a cunning to my hand for, at the end o' three years, I found myself owner o' good land with a slave or two for the tilling; and though I went by the name o' the "wild Irishman" throughout the settlement, the small town council failed not to ask my advice in affairs o' weight. You'll say I profited little by the fire that burned, when I tell you my early training placed me at the head o' the county militia. Ere long, an order from our governor found me marching after Harrison to—I knew not what! Faith, and he had occasion to

thank my strength as we turned up the frozen clods that built Fort Meigs!

'Twas when the British were cutting off Dudley before the general's eyes that I volunteered to warn them o' their fate, and though my boat shot like an arrow from a bow beneath my stroke, 'twas useless!

I'd've given the promotion I suffered, the thousand dollar reward and all the happiness o' later years were there no sadder ending to the siege.

Among the wounded stragglers that 'scaped from brutal Proctor in their boats, was Hal, my foster brother, generous, loving Hal, shot through and through.

You'll pardon me for stopping; there's something in the memory that stifles still.

I held him in my arms, till with a fevered hand he penned a note to those at home, and while my tears rained heavy on his cheek I swore to be its bearer.

'Twas then I made good use o' the reward my useless life had brought; it saved his grave from sacrilege, and afterwards bought a monument that stands to-day like the small white finger o' time uplifted toward eternity!

Sure, and I know not if Pharoah set the world a bad example when he slew the bearer o' evil tidings. At any rate, I trust you may never be unwelcome where sacred duty leads.

'Twas after we'd killed Tecumseh that I left my post and slowly took my way to the home o' my youth. My resolution was that wavering that as I neared the place I left the lawful road and followed the wood path to the very spot where some five years agone Love's archer found me!

The sun shivered peacefully about the little stone house in the valley, and as I gave the dried lint o' the silk weed to the breeze, I thought I'd sooner be an interminable rest than the fraction o' discord in a melody.

From leaning on my elbow I sat erect, for in the door that looked my way I saw a figure, bonneted and bas-keted as if on errand bent. Had I been blind the

messenger that plies between two hearts that love would have told me o' her coming,

I moved not as she mounted the fence, her garments as gray as the rails 'gainst which she leaned, but when she turned to descend I stepped behind and took her in my idiotic arms. At the sight o' me she gasped and closed her eyes as dead. I bore her to the branch near by, I cursed myself and e'en the God that made me, and just as heartily gave thanks when from the cooling drops she opened her eyes and said: "O, Timothy, is it true?"

"It is, I *swear*, my own sweet love," said I, "and all these ugly years of separation are but a dream!"

"Yes, yes," sighed she, "A dream from which poor Hal shall know no waking. Thou need'st not speak!" she cried, "for though no lips have said it, I know it all. I've had a message from another world!" and so persuaded was she, that the news I bore was no surprise.

"Thou must not tell my father," said she; when I rehearsed the story o' his death; "he's sadly changed since you were here, his mind a wreck, his body wasted thin; let him go in peace."

After further talk ('tis not for you) I filled her basket with the blooming stuff and parted from her at the old rail fence, promising to linger 'bout the village and take Hal's place as best I could.

One day a servant ran about with news; her master, Thomas Hacker by name, had fallen dead: the letter in his hand, all crumpled and torn, had done it!

I've no right to prate o' the sorrow o' others. We laid him decently away and though he mentioned me not in his will, I'm the proud possessor of his child, his wife, and all his goods and chattel.

They'd like the new State better did the pink arbutus take more kindly to it.

Why do I call our home "The Jay's Nest?" Well you see there is so much o' the wisdom o' Solomon that I'm after forgetting part o' it, and these brown headed bairns o' ours be so contentious that they remind me o'

naught so much as the old blue jay in the raspberry bushes in the garden, so I honored her with a namesake, as the State did me with this county for my services in war; though I've obstinately pursued peace since the day Tecumseh died. And I've always found it, save when my mother-in-law twits me with want o' religion.

Faith, and I see not why this banner o' blue, unfurled above all men alike, be not a good enough lesson o' charity and love for any man, and he be not as stubborn as the beast that bought me.

BENJAMIN AVIS.

(Minnie M. Sayre.)

THE WRITING MASTER AT BRIER PATCH.

(Copyrighted.)

One day las' fall Caledony' and the Roberson gals and Arizony Stiggers was all a-spendin' the day at our house. We didn't know what else to git at, so we let in to tryin' of our fortunes with Chestnuts on the hath. Caledony was doin' most of the talkin'; the chestnuts was a-poppin' all over the floor ever-which-away, and we was all laughin' and carryin' on like we always do when Caledony is around; when we heard the dog bark and seed the new writin' master a'comin'. Maw she jerked the broom quick and swept up the hath—chestnuts and all—and yelled at us to hush that foolishness, and go wash the ashes off'n our mouths, whar we'd been a eatin' roasted chestnuts.

She went to the door and axed the man to light and hitch his critter and come in. We gals got back in the shed room and peeped through the crack of the door at him, and Arizony snickered so loud I was skeered he'd hear her. She's the biggest goose ever I seen about laughin'. She claimed him for her sweetheart the minute she seen him. Caledony told her she was welcome to him, she didn't want him. Maw give him a gourd of water to drink, and he 'lowed he'd liked to take a wash.

Flurridy Tennysy, she riz the chist lid and give him a new comp'ny towel, one of the sto'-bought hand towels that hadn't been washed. He scrubbed and scrubbed a-tryin' to dry his face. "Them as never has tried to dry their faces on one of these here new stiff towels, 'fore the sto' starch is biled out'n it," says Aunt Nancy, tryin' to be civil mannered towards him, "don't know half how agger-vatin' it is; here's a ole saff one I wove, hit beats that'n all to pieces," and the man looked thankful to git it.

We gals primpt up and went in to see him. The minute the Gooden chillun sees anybody at our house or a ridin' nag hitched at the gate they come a-flyin' to see who it is.

They come in, all out of breath, and stood around watchin' the man when he untied his bundle of copy-books pine blank like he had a monkey show. We gals watched him, too, and he showed us the speciments of his handwrite and all sorter little birds drawn in red and blue ink, some a settin' on quill pens, some with leaves in their mouths, and some with love letters in their mouths; and he had a goose a-swimmin' on the water that he said he made all at once't without takin' up his pen. Aunt Nancy, she winked at maw; she didn't believe nairy word of it. By that time Mis' Gooden had come in. She 'lowed she seed the chillun runnin' over here like the house was on fire, and she come to see what was the matter. But Sister Gooden's got right smart chance of curiosity herse'f. 'Peared like them chillun would just bardaciously climb all over the man, spite of all they mammy could do. 'She kep' a jerkin' of 'em back and a-yellin' at 'em. "Stan' back, chillun," says she, "the gentleman don't wan't to nuss you'uns. Set down, Jackey, 'fore I slap you; come here, Sweety, you are too big a gal to act that a-way; you chillun act thes like you never seen no handwrite afore, and you know your Uncle Hagan Miller drawed birds and tarrapins, too, out'n red and blue ink, and made all them sorter curly-cues—tain't nothin' to do. Stan' back, fore I knock yer sprawlin'."

They wouldn't stand back long at a time; they wanted to take a-holt of ever'thing. Some chillun can't see nuthin' without tetchin' of it.

Pap come in, and the writin' master got atter him to let him put our names down to take lessons. Pap 'lowed: "I don't know as I keer about it; my folks can all write tollible fair fists; leastways they can read it theyselves. But I reckon they'll all want to take, they inginnerly takes ever' fool thing that comes along—even to the measles. They buy goods from all the peddlers, and always git cheated. They tuck cypherin' lessons from that rethmetic man; and he was a-gwine to learn them all so fast how to do any sum in the United States in two minutes and a half; and he never so much as larnt 'em to count a settin' of aigs. Then they tuck singin' from that ar do-ray-me, far-so-lar, trout-mouthed fiddler that come along here last year; and he never larnt 'em to sing even so much as 'Old Dan Tucker.' But the fack of the business is this here whole settlement is about half crazy. They runs wild after any new-fangled humbug that happens to come along. But nevertheless, howsomever, notwithstanding, singin', you know, is one thing, and writin' is tother; and while I maintains to the doctrine that a purty hand-write ain't no sign of smartness, nevertheless, notwithstanding, I never stands as no stumblin' block in the way of my chillun larnin' nothin.' 'Live and larn,' have always been my martow. But I'll tell you the truth and stake my affidavy on it, that the biggest fool I ever seen writ the beautifullest hand-write."

Maw, she was a-feard the man would take it to hisself, so she tried to smooth it over, and 'lowed: "But it takes mighty smart folks to draw all them purty birds and things."

"Nevertheless, notwithstanding," pap went on to say, "you 'uns can all take lessons ef you'r mine to. I know in reason taint a-gwine to be nothin' but a frolic, but I never stands in the way of no fun, nuther"

So the writin master tuck down all our names, and pap was right; it was a frolic. All the young folks in

the settlement tuck lessons jist fur the fun of gettin' together; and some of the old folks tuck for the same reason. Old man Loftis 'lowed he had allers heard it said it was never too late to larn, and he was a-gwine to larn how to sign his name if nothin' more—'peared like he had been a-makin' of his X mark long enough. Old man Wiggins 'lowed Brother Loftis shouldn't come ahead of him, and told the writin' master to put his name down too. Old Mrs. Strong 'lowed to Aunt Nancy; "I been a-gwine all my life without writin', and I git along about as well as them that writes, and my chillun can do the same thing; they hain't no better'n me; I got no money to fling away on no sich tomfoolery."

Next Sunday we all met at the "Brier Patch" schoolhouse. The boys tacked a shelf up ag'in the side of the house for us to write on, and fixed a long bench side of it, and we scrouged in close and the teacher walked back of us. Me and Caledony sot together, and had a sight of fun laughin' at tothers, but never larnt much ourselves. I looked away down at tother end of the bench and seed Iky Robertson writin' slow and twistin' his mouth ever' word he writ, and looking solemn. I nudged Caledony to look at him, and we got to gigglin'. Caledony whispered to me to look at Cap Dewberry. "Do look at Cap," says she, "he's a fixin' to whistle." "Look at Aunt Nancy," says I, "she's a cuttin' out a frock with the scissors." "And look at old Wiggins. He looks like he had et a green 'simmon," say Caledony. "Watch ever last one of 'em," says she.

Ever' one twistin', and screwin' ther mouths over ever' word they wrote; but Iky Roberson's mouth was the funniest of all, and her and me got into such a tickle and giggle and gigglement the teacher had to come and see what was the matter, and Caledony she 'lowed; "Hain't ther some way to larn a body to write without twistin' ther mouths?"

He 'lowed he didn't twist his mouth; but we watched when he sot the next copy, and he looked like he was fixin' to whistle, too.

He agreed to teach ten days. The time was most out, and we was all powerful sorry, not that we keered for the lessons, but the boys walked home with us ever' evenin' and we was havin' so much fun. A right smart chance of courtin' went on; boys too shame-faced to talk courted with pen and ink—that's what some of 'em tuck lessons for. Me and Cal got a whole passel of love poetry, writ in blue and red ink with birds and flowers drawn all around the verses.

Arizony tuck up right smart of her time drawin' birds with a love letter in their mouths, and hearts with arrows run through 'em. It was the talk that the teacher was a courtin' of Arizony—kase he drewed more birds and geese for her than anybody else—but she denied it. When the last day of the lessons come, we was all waitin' at the schoolhouse for the teacher. Arizony hadn't come neither. After while we heard a horse gallopin' up the Brier Patch road, fast, like somebody was a-gwine after the Dock. A man rid up to the schoolhouse; all of us ran to the door and seed it was old man Stiggers, Arizony's pa. He was so awful mad he couldn't hardly talk. "Whar is Arizony?" says he. We told him she hadn't been thar—none of us hadn't seed her. "Then," says he, madder than ever, "Whar's that simbling-headed, 'possum-mouthed writing master? Have any of you 'uns seed him to-day?" We told him no and he never said another word. He layed hickory to that old ridin' critter, and galloped off towards town like lightnin.' You see they suspicioned sump'n at home, and when they missed Arizon's Sunday hat and frock and her hand-satchel, too, they knowed in reason she had run away to marry the writin' master; and the old man he pitched out to ketch 'em; but he was a little too late. When he got to town they was done married.

BETSY HAMILTON,
in The Constitution.

ALABAMA.

Air—Preussen, Preussen Ueber Alles.

I.

Alabama, Alabama,
 We will aye be true to thee;
 From thy Southern shore where groweth
 By the sea, thine orange tree,
 To thy northern vale where floweth
 Deep and blue thy Tennessee,
 Alabama! Alabama!
 We will aye be true to thee!

II.

Broad the stream whose name thou bearëst,
 Grand thy Bigby rolls along;
 Fair thy Coosa—Tallapoosa—
 Bold thy Warrior, dark and strong,
 Goodlier than the land which Moses
 Climbed lone Nebo's mount to see,
 Alabama! Alabama!
 We will aye be true to thee.

III.

From thy prairies broad and fertile
 Where the snow white cotton shines,
 To the hills where coal and iron
 Hide in thy exhaustless mines;
 Strong armed miners, sturdy farmers,
 Loyal hearts where'er we be,
 Alabama! Alabama!
 We will aye be true to thee!

IV.

From thy quarries where the marble,
 White as that of Paros gleams—
 Waiting till thy sculptor's chisel
 Wake to life thy poets' dreams—
 For not only wealth of nature,
 Wealth of mind boast thou in thee;
 Alabama! Alabama!
 We will aye be true to thee!

V.

Where the perfumed south wind whispers
 Thy magnolia groves among;
 Softer than a mother's kisses,
 Sweeter than a mother's song;

Where the golden jessamine trailing
 Wooes the treasure-laden bee;
 Alabama! Alabama!
 We will aye be true to thee!

VI.

Brave and true thy men and women,
 Better this than corn and wine;
 Keep us worthy, God in Heaven!
 Of this goodly land of thine;
 Hearts as open as our door-ways,
 Liberal hands and spirits free;
 Alabama! Alabama!
 We will aye be true to thee!

VII.

Little, little can I give thee,
 Alabama! Mother mine!
 But that little, hand, brain, spirit,
 All I have and am is thine—
 Take, O take the gift and giver,
 Take and save thyself with me—
 Alabama! Alabama!
 I will aye be true to thee!

Julia Strudwick Tutwiler, in the Mobile Herald-Woman's Edition.

 POMEGRANATES.

Pomegranates sweet and pomegranates sour
 Hang in the red October sun:
 Nobody knew, when they were in flower
 And their life had just begun,
 Which was the sweet and which was the sour,
 Till they ripened one by one.

The blooms were hats of cardinal hue
 And trumpets of yellow flame;
 And as the fruits to perfection grew,
 Their red-coats were just the same.
 Then the darts of the sun cleft the rinds in two,
 And their deep-red hearts burst out to view,
 But till they were tasted, nobody knew
 Where the sweet and the sour came.
 For pomegranate sour is a bitter cheat.
 But a luscious thing is pomegranate sweet!

In youth-time's bright and rosy bower
 A bevy of maidens play:
 Their fresh young life is just in flower,
 But which is the sweet and which is the sou,
 Pray, who will dare to say?
 But there will come a day
 When life's sharp darts
 Will cleave their hearts,
 And taste we must in adversity's hour
 Which nature is sweet and which is the sour.

Zitella Cocke, in Boston Record.

THE NEW MAN.

And, now comes a question, which is forcing its way into the consideration of writers and orators, namely; "What is the New Man?" It is a question that knocks at the door of public opinion for an answer. It is to the front, with many new problems that pertain to the latter part of this wonderful nineteenth century. It stood aside, in timorous abeyance, while that other interrogation, "What is the New Woman?" stalked boldly forward on all occasions. Now, that this first question, in frayed and worn garments, is hiding its weary head behind the mass of public comment, this other candidate for consideration appears with the freshness and vigor of youth in its face. Little it recks what is in store for its untried form; what blows await its devoted head, and how battered and weary it will be when the verdict of the jury is rendered. But, ere its remorseless fate overtakes it, ere, its worn body is borne from the arena of public discussion, upon the litter of exhausted patience, we may express our views upon this new form of creation. Whom say you that the "New Man" is? He is not surely he who, beneath the tender shades of the first apple tree, cast the blame of his misdoing upon a weak and trembling woman. It is not he who deceived a blind and doting father, to receive an undeserved blessing; nor he

who carried into the hot desert to die the woman who loved him and her son, who, upon the burning winds, sent out the cry for food and drink; nor he who set his friend in front of an advancing army, that he might be slain in order that he might gain the wife whom he desired; nor he who denied his Master,—nor yet he who betrayed Him for wealth or fame. And, coming down to other times, it is not he who shut up the woman he loved, in a moated grange, while he went forth in the beauty and warmth of God's beautiful sunshine; nor sang songs of love, beneath the window of some luckless creature, who afterwards bore upon her tired heart the burden of disappointed hopes. Nor yet the man, who believed that woman should be shut from the light of day in languorous ease, while the perfumes of Araby lulled her brain to sleep; nor he who holds that woman is a beast of burden, created solely for the use of man.

No, he is none of these! But, like him of old, who seeing the need of those in the wilderness, he will strike the rocks, which bring forth refreshing streams. He will raise before the eyes of suffering humanity the sign of hope and healing, and go forward, carrying in his brave heart the love of God and man. He will battle for the right against all odds of power and place, and will lift with strong hands the weak and stumbling along the arid paths of life. The throb of his big heart tells of love and sympathy, and keeps time to songs of angels. And, next to his Creator, he believes in woman, because his mother was one, and because the infant eyes of his Saviour smiled into those of an earthly mother. He knows that woman is more than a mere physical animal; knows that she has brains, as well as heart, intellect as well as body; and he also knows that that man is strongest who is fortified by the affection and advice of a loving, active, intellectual woman. He believes that a woman may be good, without being an idiot, and that the more cultivated the women of the land become, the grander the possibilities of the human race. He also holds that a woman may express in a proper way, and at a proper time, the views

that spring from a well-trained mind, and yet preserve womanhood; and that she may possess brains, and still be a devoted wife and mother. He believes in advancing women, along all helpful lines, and dreads no competition, having sublime and absolute faith in the heart, soul and intellect of a true woman. And, above all, he is willing to trust his children in such a woman's care, knowing that it has been the women of moral and mental force, who have been the mothers of the great men of the world.

Such is the "New Man," and as such we give him welcome.

MRS. GEO. C. BALL.

HOW TO RULE A HUSBAND.

("Once A Week," of New York, offered a prize for the best article upon the subject. Miss Lida B. Robertson, of Mobile, won it over many competitors, and charmed all masculine readers by the following excellent advice.)

No husband is invulnerable to love, tact and common sense. He will yield as surely to such a scepter as the needle does to the pole. Let whosoever will test the following rules:

First, love him. Not with sentimental gush, but with that frank trust that knows no suspicion—even if you find the letter of another's fair hand in the pocket which you are mending. It is likely an appeal for charity or some indigent widow begging a position for her son. Nothing makes a man's heart so obdurate as a wife's distrust.

Do not indulge in prying into his affairs. If he does fool you a little are you the happier for detecting it?

If he still clings to bachelor days' habits of lingering out late at night do not indulge in tears and upbraidings.

Bestir yourself. If the sitting room's upholstery is too fine for him to loll upon move it out. Place on the center table a soft, glowing light. Lay his favorite papers on the corner, and especially never tear up his "latest." Set a comfortable easy chair, stripped of all jingling furbelows, close by. Put slippers and dressing gown in easy reach.

Appareled in a dainty, becoming gown, await his coming as you used to do as his sweetheart. Greet him winsomely, however late the hour—Honey entices bees; vinegar never. Such home comforts will so permeate him through, that thereafter he will stride by all of the allurements in town to get to it—and to you. Then be companionable. If he likes politics, metaphysics, the turf or chess, and you do not, appropriate some of that spare time devoted to novels in posting yourself. Study like you used to do your Latin to avoid being "kept in." If you desire to "keep him in" just chat upon his "hobby" with him and you will have no trouble at all.

If you wish him to spend his evenings at home with you, do not save all your graces and smiles for outsiders and deluge him, like a shower bath, with complaints and household tribulations as soon as he comes in from the day's business cares. You will soon be spending them "alone," for he will remain out late, hoping to find your tongue stilled in slumber on his return.

If he is a huntsman, do not plant the entire backyard in flowers, and then say there is no place for a dog. Humor his fads of fishing and bird hunting if you want to keep him from hunting worse amusements.

To prevent his eyes from ever turning to seek beauty and grace in other women make yourself as sweet and attractive looking at home as lies within your power. Remember how much care and thought you used to spend to win his heart; now exercise some of it to keep that heart.

Live within his income, however small, and you can always readily get money out of him. Never make bills

that he cannot pay and he will always be agreeable, genial and loving.

Do not become extremely affectionate when you want something—he will soon learn the trick. Ask frankly. The shy tremor in your voice will never meet refusal.

When he comes in with brow stern and lowering, do not imagine that he does not love you, and seek solitude to cry about it. Something is the matter. Maybe it is a desperate crisis. Adroitly decoy him into conversation upon a pleasant topic. He will do so to hide the conflict within. Then when stillness creeps over the house and you are alone, lay your hand tenderly upon his shoulder, look trustingly into his face and ask, "What is the matter to-night? Isn't something troubling you?" The whole world could not keep him from telling you, while all the tears and upbraidings in Christendom could not have extracted it from him. Possibly your timely sympathy saved him from sinking beneath it.

Never allow him to become independent of your society. Do not leave him alone and forlorn to swelter through summer's heat to make money, while you are off spending it in "cooler climes." If he has to stay, you stay, too, and he will deem you an adorable woman.

Though he may be an Ananias himself, a man abhors a Sapphira; so be truthful at all times. Nothing turns a man's heart into stony self-will like a woman's prevarications.

Never tell to confidential neighbors, nor to fashionable friends what he has confided in you, and you will soon know all that he knows. Nothing makes a husband so reserved as the feeling that his wife tells everything.

Never contradict him. "Silence" is a weapon that he cannot parry, hence he soon surrenders.

Above all, do not "pout." A pouting wife can make a man commit reckless deeds in a week that a month's kisses cannot remedy—possibly never. Study his idiosyncracies. Never combat them openly. Go round them like you would an obstacle in the road. Soon you will govern him completely by seemingly letting him rule you.

THE ALABAMA RIVER.

Through sweet Southland the Alabama flows,
 Where golden corn and snowy cotton grows ;
 The eyes of Night
 With glances bright,
 Lie mirrored on her gently trembling breast.
 While soft south-breezes whisper:—*Here we rest!*

Through sweet Southland the Alabama tells,
 The screaming whistle and the sounding bells.
 How, long ago,
 Swift to and fro,
 The Indian arrow sped from bark canoe
 Beneath the moss-hung oaks and skies of blue.

Through sweet Southland the Alabama flows
 Where weeping willow for the Indian grows
 Beside the stream,
 And like a dream,
 We see the figures of our pale-faced sires
 On faithful guard beside the forest fires.

Through sweet Southland the Alabama winds
 Where sunburnt hands the yellow fodder binds,
 And to and fro,
 With movement slow,
 The silvery mosses, noiseless swaying there,
 Quaff mystic draughts of life and feed on air.

Through sweet Southland the Alabama wends,
 With graceful curve the lovely river trends
 Her silent way
 Towards the Bay.
 And swanlike boats upon her bosom glide
 To tryst with white-sailed vessels on the tide.

Through sweet Southland the Alabama goes
 Past towering pines and dewy-laden rose,
 Where wildly floats
 The wierdest notes,
 The sweetest song that ever woke the Day !
 The peerless songster wears Confederate grey.

Our sweet Southland the Alabama binds,
 From crested hills her silver scarf unwinds,
 Her golden sands,
 Her priceless lands,
 Her spotless banner to the breeze unfurled,
 The land of rest, the refuge of the world.

I. M. P. O.

in the Exposition Issue of The Greenville Advocate.

CIRCUMSTANCE.

Whence is thy might, O Circumstance,
 That thy dread clutch a human soul,
 A destiny, may seize? What chance
 Or power doth fix thy stern control?

As petals in the calyx set,
 As gems wrought into metal's clasp,
 As gold ensnared in Iron net—
 So are we held within thy grasp!

May we not do, shall we not dare,
 If thy command doth say us nay?
 Shall life sink aimless in despair,
 When thou dost mock the prayers we pray?

Art thou relentless? Far beyond
 Thy menace, rises dauntless Will,
 Which dares to break thy ruthless bond,
 And nobler destiny fulfill!

A craven he, who owns thy thrall,
 And yields his life to thy dictate.
 Who hears and heeds diviner call,
 He is the master of his fate!

The sea that bars us from the shore
 Itself shall bear us safely there.
 The Winds, contentious, waft us o'er
 Wild waters to a haven fair:

And e'en from Circumstance adverse
 The earnest, faithful soul may wrest
 True victory, and from her curse
 Win patience that shall make him blest!

ZITELLA COCKE,
in Youth's Companion.

THE MAGIC COMB.

HOW IT APPEARED IN EBONVILLE, AND WHAT IT EFFECTED.

When little Miss Thorndyke made her appearance in Ebonville she created a sensation, not so much on account of her queer looks, which were, indeed, enough to make people stare, but through the interest which centered around the small satchel she carried with her.

Miss Thorndyke was followed all about the settlement by a throng of sable admirers, on whom no slightest movement nor word was lost, and the fact that she was "bodin' wid Aunt S'brina" only enhanced the general curiosity, "for Aunt S'brina was mighty highflown an' wouldn't take no po' white trash for nuthin'."

A veritable dot was little Miss Thorndyke. She looked as if she had stepped from Noah's ark, and her age was indescribable. Her hair, slightly streaked with gray, fell upon her shoulders in about fifty curls. She wore a round hat and veil of ante-bellum days and a quaint black silk gown that seemed ancestral, and she was further adorned with a profusion of old-fashioned furbelows which she fastened upon herself quite indiscriminately.

Her face had a history printed upon every feature, but she was a mysterious person, and had anyone asked the simple inhabitants of Ebonville who or what she was they would have answered, "Law chile! what we keer? So long she stay to Aunt S'brina's she's folks."

Perhaps in no other given space outside of Ebonville had congregated such an unmixed population of what is commonly known as the typical "black nigger;" a happy, hardy, rural race, full of old-time superstitions, content with the possession of a small tract of arable land, a primitive log cabin, a wife, an ever increasing tribe of

young ones, plenty of hoecake and bacon, a warm hearth in winter, watermelons in summer and a good big funeral when the end of all things come.

Aunt S'brina alone was set apart from the others on account of her "high rearin'," and when Miss Thorndyke, on her arrival, took up her quarters there the old lady grew more consequential than ever.

"Dunno wat dese niggers come er pokin' fur—like you was a cuccus show. 'Pears like dey ain't got no manners nor nothin'."

"Oh, that doesn't matter," interposed Miss Thorndyke graciously, "and what is more I want to know them. Do you think I might invite them to a little talk at the schoolhouse to-night?"

"'Vite 'em! Law honey, jes you say you gwine da an, you needn't do no 'vitin'," said Aunt S'brina with a grin.

True enough. When Miss Thorndyke reached the school house she found all Ebonville awaiting her, and mounted the platform amid impressive silence.

"My friends," she began, in a voice remarkably loud and clear for such a small body, "I'm going to tell you something that I know will please you—the reason why I've come down here, all the way from Minnesota, and what I'm going to do for you."

Miss Thorndyke here produced her satchel, which the audience eyed with open-mouthed curiosity, and, after rummaging through its contents, she secured at length a little instrument which she held up for general inspection.

"This," she exclaimed, "is an electric comb." Now, electricity is a sort of magic and does some wonderful things, and this comb is magic, too. It is good magic," she added, as a look of awe stole through the assembly, "and I can make it do something that you will all like very much indeed."

She paused to note the effect of her words and at the same time carefully removed her antiquated hat and veil, disclosing the mass of curls that adorned her head.

"Several years ago," she continued, "I couldn't make my hair curl at all, but when I bought this comb and ran it through my head a few times it curled beautifully. I tried it on a great many people and everybody was delighted. Then I began to think if that comb could conjure straight hair like mine it could conjure curly hair like yours, my friends, and make it straight, so what do you think I did?" and Miss Thorndyke smiled as her glance swept the wondering crowd.

"Well," she continued confidentially. "I will tell you. I had a colored friend named Dinah, and I made her take off all the little strings that she wrapped around her hair and throw them away." Instantly all hands in the audience went up to their heads, but Miss Thorndyke took no notice as she went on with her narrative.

"Then I made her wash her hair thoroughly, and when it was quite dry—"

"I reckon you conjured it," called out a voice from the rear.

"No. I only combed it two or three times with my magic comb and tied it up carefully in a clean white cloth for a week, and when I took off the cloth her hair was just as straight and soft and silky as could be."

An excited murmur rose among her hearers, and again Miss Thorndyke stopped to let it subside.

Now, when Dinah saw what I had done, she was very happy, and wanted to pay me five bright silver dollars for the trouble I had taken, but I said, "No, Dinah! you are a poor, hard-working woman, and I couldn't take so much from you, two dollars will be quite enough. And this, my friends, I will do for you. I believe the Lord has put me here for this work, and I shall try to do it well."

Miss Thorndyke was growing tearful. At this point she pressed her handkerchief to her eyes, while sympathetic exclamations were heard on every side.

"Thank you so much!" said the little woman with emotion. "My heart is too full to talk more. I will only say that all who wish me to make their hair straight, I will do so for the sum of two dollars for every head. Eh! what's that?" she suddenly asked as she became aware of the disturbance among the audience.

A tall, angular woman made her way towards the platform. She held a child by the hand, and her shiny black face wore a broad grin.

The child, a boy of about 10 years, was a remarkable specimen to be found in the precincts of Ebonville. His complexion was very light, his eyes, were of a watery blue. His hair, something the color of Georgia clay, hung upon his head in a straight, though tangled, shock. Only a certain thickness of feature proclaimed him in the least akin to any one around him, and even as he unwillingly followed his guide up the aisle a few hisses were heard; and some one called out:

"Da he go, ! po' white trash! Good kingdom com ! w'at he gwine do now!"

They might well ask, for the boy's nether lip protruded dismally, and he gave vent to a succession of howls that shook the building to its slender foundation.

"Cyant dat chile shet he mouf, Hannah?" inquired Aunt S'brina severely, from her position of state on the platform behind Miss Thorndyke.

"It's feelin' he has," retorted Hannah. "Jes you 'magine yo' ownse'f if dey call you po' white trash, all case you warn't pot black. Stop dat squallin', Hinry, or I mek you, sho!" she said threateningly, and forthwith administered a shaking that smothered a final bellow, and wheeled him at the same time just in front of Miss Thorndyke.

"Is this your little boy?" asked the lady pleasantly.

Hannah's smile grew broader. "Law, no, miss! Hinry ain't no 'lation, 'cept jes' in de fam'ly. He my

husband's cousin's sister's chile, an' dat's how come he lib wid us. 'Pears like he don't want he haid oncured. He say he's nigger. He ain't no po' white trash."

"Of course not," said Miss Thorndyke, with a bright smile. "I'll run the magic comb through his hair and he will have beautiful ringlets like mine. And now, my friends," raising her voice once more, "all who wish me to do this thing for them go to work as Dinah did. To-morrow morning every head must be thoroughly washed and combed, and to-morrow night you must meet me here again, each one with a nice clean cloth and two dollars." With which closing remarks Miss Thorndyke put on her hat and veil, took up the treasured satchel, and, with a wave of her hand, dismissed her audience.

Ebonville on the next day was in a ferment of preparation, and the spring that gurgled at the foot of a hill about a mile beyond the settlement was the rendezvous from sunrise to sunset of various squads of ablutionists. Verily such a scene had never before been witnessed since the days when nymphs combed their shining tresses on the banks of mythical streams, only in this instance vanity was not confined to the women, for the early hours were usurped by the men on their way to the fields, and the quantity of soap used upon that memorable day was unheard of in the annals of Ebonville.

Into the unresisting spring went the woolly heads, and out they came to be mopped and combed, and the simple fellows went to their work, each individual hair standing on end "like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

Thither wandered a small army of mothers, with swarms of expectant children, their big eyes stretched to the widest limit of curiosity concerning these strange proceedings. Into the cleansing element each was dipped with clamor enough to wake the Seven Sleepers. All the little pigtailed, so carefully wound with shoe-lacings, bits of twine and odds and ends of gay ribbon, were

unfastened and the small creatures sported in the woods, shaking their heads in delicious freedom—rejoicing after their own manner.

The women, of course, made the most of the occasion. They encamped by the spring, bringing their days' work, and even cooking there, gipsy fashion, in order to lose no phase of this eventful period.

Aunt S'brina alone failed to share the general enthusiasm, though she so far descended from her high estate as to bring her "log cabin" quilt to the spring where, upon a grassy mound somewhat apart from the others she plied her needle. On this day the Ebonville folk "'lowed she was more high than ever." In truth the good dame's contempt of the whole affair bristled at every point, and when a few more venturesome in the community were bold enough to ask her if she expected to have her head conjured that night her scorn was fine indeed.

"'Spec' me to meck a fool er myself? Law chile! dis chicken warn't borned yestiddy. I ain't no plum eejit fur to go agin de Lawd an' He ways; dis ole nigger wool ain't done me no harm, an' I'm er gwine ter hole on while I kin." And Aunt S'brina shook her turbaned head defiantly at the respectful group gathered about her.

"Sech er washin' an' er washin' 'pears like yer neber seen no water befo' dis yere white 'oman come er long wid her talk. Wat she gwine ter do, anyhow? Jes run her ole iron comb in yer haids, tie 'em up, tek yo' money an' go!"

"How come you hob-nobbing' wid her den?" asked Hannah, sarcastically, holding Henry's lathered head in her hands preparatory to a final ducking.

Aunt S'brina smiled down upon the questioner with a superior air.

"Dar now, wal I neber! An' don't her bodin' buy me 'lasses, an' meal, an' kindlin,' an' clo'es, and de Lawd knows wat? Hows'mever, I ain't er gwine ter sot up dar an' 'low nobody ter spile er fine nigger. I ain't no sech."

The foregoing harangue was delivered with variations many times during the course of that day, but for once Aunt S'brina's eloquence was powerless to stem the tide of popular sentiment, and when the night came the school house was packed with a bushy-headed assembly, and the clink of silver coin or the rustle of crisp bills sounded pleasantly to Miss Thorndyke's ears as once more taking her place on the platform she glanced at the rows of eager faces and noted the careful preparations.

Then the work began and it was a funny sight to watch each applicant march up the aisle, deposit the money in the open palm extended for it, take a seat in the chair provided for the operation, submit with a wry countenance to the mysterious tweakings and twitchings of the magic comb, and finally depart swathed in white bands wound Ethiopian fashion about each devoted head.

"And now," concluded Miss Thorndyke, when after an hour's breathless silence the task was finished, "I am but a servant of the Lord. I can do no more. I am called away and must labor in other fields. Meanwhile keep your heads tied up for a week; at the end of that time assemble once again in the presence of the elders of your church; take off the cloths and I promise you that your hair will be soft and silky as you could wish. Farewell, my friends, farewell. I am glad to feel that I have been of some small service to you." Stretching out her hands in dramatic benediction Miss Thorndyke grasped the precious satchel, now over-weighted with her recent earnings, and picked her way daintily through the staring throng, out into the gathering darkness, closely followed by Henry, her devoted satellite, who volunteered to show her the way to the next plantation settlement.

Two paths lay before them, either through the woods or the cornfield, and Miss Thorndyke hesitated in her choice, while Henry proved himself unequal to suggestions.

"De woods is ha'nted," was his reply to anxious inquiries. "I done seen de ghostes' foots."

Miss Thorndyke gave a little shriek. "Gracious! We won't go that way. How about the cornfield?"

"Nothin' da' 'cep' a ole sca'crow," answered Henry with a grin.

"I—I don't like scarecrows," faltered the lady nervously. "Is there no other way?"

Henry shook his bandaged head, and so they turned their steps toward the cornfield.

This tract of land was the special pride of Ebonville. The good people had their separate possessions, which they cultivated, each man according to his notion, but they united their energies on corn and several acres testified to their industry. As far as the eye could reach was a waving mass of silken tassels, and as little Miss Thorndyke and her still smaller companion plunged into the field, the great stalks closed about and completely enveloped them, towering so high above their heads that only the occasional glimmer of the stars and the faint light of the moon shone upon them from the obscured heavens.

They walked through a maze of greenery perplexing enough in broad day light, but terrifying in the weird stillness of the night to even bolder people. The child did not attempt to hide his fright, and Miss Thorndyke was in that condition when the sound of her own voice would have completely unnerved her, so they went swiftly and silently along the path, which appeared interminable, while on every hand the corn seemed to spring up as if ready to swallow them.

Suddenly Miss Thorndyke stood still and grasped Henry by the shoulder

"What is that?" she whispered, pointing ahead, where something loomed dark, even against the deep shadow which encompassed them.

"I—I—I—d—dunno," stammered the boy, beside himself with terror, which the little woman fully shared. "Lis'n, it's de—de—sca'crow."

The last words seemed to reassure Miss Thorndyke. She marched bravely towards the ominous spot, her head well up, though every limb was trembling and she was about to pass that trying point when a stern, threatening voice arrested her progress and held her rooted to the place.

"Drap dat 'ere satchel!" it rang out clear and commanding, and behold, with a loud jingle, the treasured article fell from Miss Thorndyke's nerveless fingers.

"Now, go 'long," was the next command, and agreeably to the suggestion, Miss Thorndyke put wings to her heels and sped away through the darkness, while Henry, with some vague notion that the devil was after him, fled in another direction, leaving the scarecrow in triumphant possession of the field.

During the next week Ebonville presented a curious appearance. Every living soul—the very smallest child—kept faith to the letter, and never during that trying interval thought of removing their novel neadgear. Aunt S'brina was the sole exception—her revered locks were stowed away as usual under a gay bandana.

At last the decisive day arrived. The church, which was fitly chosen, as the scene of the grand revelation, was filled at an early hour and the presiding elder could scarcely control his impatience as one by one, in pairs or in groups, they filed in. With due solemnity the order was given to unbandage. It was instantly obeyed, and lo! every head stood revealed. Alas, not indeed as Miss Thorndyke had predicted, but in all the expansiveness of the original "kink."

A moment of dumb dismay was soon followed by a swelling murmur of indignation which swept through the church, in the midst of which Aunt S'brina rose and moved with dignity to the front.

"Listen ter me—my bred'ren an' sisters an' chillun, an' if yer d'nt want ter be fooled agin' cum fust an' ax old Aunt S'brina, wat ain't had her bo'de money yet. How-

sume ver—but who gwine ter git it dis time sho'. Go 'long you fool niggers—an' hunt roun' fur de string—an' de shoe lacin' an' dat two dollars wat you fro'ed in de well!"

Here a smothered groan broke into the discourse.

"Das right. Keep er moanin' an' er groanin'—but you cyant beat dis hyar," and with a wave and a flourish—Aunt S'brina deposited the well-known satchel in the reading desk before her.

"Now, look er hyar," she went on, "I mistrusted from de fust, an' time dat ar white 'oman git up in de meetin' an' skoot 'thout sayin' t'ank ye fur dat bo'de, dis chile git up too, an' I fotch back all she took, 'lowin' dese niggers haid wern't goin' ter do nuthin' but stay jes like de Lawd mek 'em."

There was a general movement among the congregation toward the reading desk, but Aunt S'brina laid a firm hand upon the satchel.

"Now, my bred'ren an' sisters, I done lose my bo'de, an' I done fin' yo' money. W'at yer gwine do 'bout dat?"

The question puzzled them, but Aunt S'brina settled it finally.

"Fur ev'ry two dollar wat you git gimme one nickel, an' I'll call dat square, jes good pay fur bein' fools."

Agreeable to this plan the contents of the satchel were disposed of until at the very bottom lay the magic comb that had wrought the mischief. This was seized by the irate throng and among them was soon broken to pieces. Then the subdued inhabitants wrapped their unruly locks severely into their accustomed rolls, restored their hard earned savings to the old stockings, tin cans, and similar hiding places, turned once more to Aunt S'brina as an oracle who never failed and went on their way rejoicing.

BELLE MOSES,

in The Philadelphia Times.

LAKE CONCHICKING.

(Dedicated to dear Atherley Friend.)

Lake Sincoe has been fairly sung,
 Its shores with pretty garlands hung;
 But let the lesser poet sing.
 Of thee, O, lovely Conchicking!

Thy shining waves are not less fair
 Than Sincoe's with its beauty rare;
 But, as a child, thou hast the grace
 That beautifies the mother's face.

Thy forest trees, when soft winds blow,
 Shake out their boughs, and o'er thee throw
 The witchery of water dressed
 In robes of leafy loveliness.

O, could some artist paint the scene,
 When islands sleep in living green!
 Or paint it when the Autumn's breath
 Has sent loved summer to her death.

Or paint it when the chilly hand
 Of Northern winds reigns o'er the land,
 And over all their ruin throw
 A mantle made of ice and snow.

Thy water is the Indian's charm;
 Near by they live. Scant work on farm,
 As irksome duty, they pursue;
 But, heart grows light as bark canoe,

When o'er the lake they shoot along,
 With dext'rous hand and arm that's strong;
 And talk of feasts, of fish and game,
 Or sing with pride thy Indian name.

"O Conchicking! O Conchicking!
 To thee our homage true we bring;
 We love thy waters for they lave
 The island, lone, where sleep our brave.

"But one pale face finds there repose,
 She knew us here—in heaven she knows.
 Our people, whom she taught the way
 From earth's dark night to endless day."

The Indian maid, with work or book,
 Finds on thy beach a quiet nook;
 She makes a box of traced design,
 Filled in with quills of porcupine.

She ope's the book, but not to read.
 The printed page is not her greed;
 The murmuring song the wavelets keep,
 As lullaby, woos her to sleep.

To thee, O lovely Conchicking!
 This humble meed of praise I bring,
 And pray thee bless all who abide
 Close by thy charming waters' side.

Julia B. Powers. in Orelia Packet.

MINGO.

Over thirty years ago, a cargo of negroes, brought from Africa, was landed on the coast, near Savannah, Georgia. The negroes were immediately sold to planters and by them put upon their plantations to work. Unable to speak a word of English, ignorant and degraded as it was possible for them to be, they were, at the same time, docile and obedient, and readily learned to perform the duties assigned them. One of them came into the possession of my family under the following circumstances:

One morning Uncle Abram, father's colored manager on the plantation, came into the yard leading a very tall and exceedingly black negro man, whose hands were tied in front of him with a rope, one end of which Abram held. Father, mother, little sister Nellie, and myself, met him at the steps, where Abram explained that his prisoner was Mingo, the African whom our neighbor, Mr. Jenkins, had bought some time before, who had run away from his master, and been caught in one of father's cotton-houses asleep.

"Why did you tie him?" asked father, reprovingly.

"Being a wild African, I was afraid of him, sir," said Abram, apologetically.

Mingo stood leaning against the steps, listless and indifferent, and, if understanding the conversation, giving no sign of it.

"Anna," said my father, "I expect the poor creature is half starved. Give him some breakfast, and I will take him home myself, and see if I can't keep Jenkins from being too hard on him. He is a cruel master."

This man Jenkins had once been father's overseer, and dismissed from the plantation for undue severity with the negroes.

Mother went into the house and returned, bringing a plate of food.

"Mingo," she said, going close up to him and speaking very gently, "I am going to untie this rope, that you may eat. You will not try to get away—will you?"

Although he probably did not comprehend all she said, still the voice, manner, and the food, all indicated kindness. With a weary sigh he said, simply :

"Mingo stay."

With her own fingers, mother untied the rope tenderly, lest she hurt his bruised wrists, and making him sit down, placed the plate of food on his lap and bade him eat. The verse her own lips had taught me flashed across my mind : "A cup of water in my name to the least of these."

Taking father by the hand, mother led him into the house. Through an open window I saw her standing before him, her tender eyes suffused with tears, and, like Esther before the king, pleading with all her soul for this poor member of an oppressed race. Mingo had finished eating when they returned, mother's face shining as if an angel had touched it. Father, too, looked greatly concerned.

"Give Mingo a hoe," he said, "and let him cut down those weeds behind the smoke-house while I'm away. And mind, Mingo, you are not to get out of sight of the house."

Mingo obediently took the hoe and went to work, still showing absolute indifference to everything.

Father mounted his horse, which stood ready saddled and rode away, saying :

"I will do my best, Anna, to gratify you."

I went into the house to recite my lessons to mother. When they were over, she took me by the hand, and, carrying her little Bible, led me to the place where Mingo was at work. Seating herself upon a bench, she told him to put down his hoe, she wished to talk with him. Mingo sat down upon a wheelbarrow, folded his hands upon his knees, and looked silently at the ground. Just then Nelly came flitting across the yard to where we were, her clustering curls and soft white dress floating out with the rapidity of her movement. She never seemed to walk, but to fly, like a bird. As she nestled down by mother, Mingo gave a quick look at her, and an expression of pleased surprise crept over his stolid face.

"Mingo," said mother, "did you run away?"

"Yaw," he answered.

"Why did you do it? Didn't you know you would be caught and whipped?"

"Mingo no mine," he replied, listlessly.

Mother's face contracted as with pain, but her voice was soft as music with sympathy as she continued :

"Do they treat you badly, Mingo?"

"Hurt Mingo's back," he said. "Mingo no mine. Mingo's heart hurt; want to see mudder, brudders,"—and the great tears came into his eyes.

I can never forget the expression that came over mother's face as she realized that this poor, benighted creature, urged by his love of home and mother, had actually set out to reach the shores of Africa that he might be with them.

"Mingo," she said gently, "did you ever hear of God, of Jesus, of heaven?"

He shook his head vaguely in response to each question. Simply, as if talking to a child, she told him the story of his creation, of God's great love for him, of Christ's death that he might live; she pictured to his darkened mind heaven and the angels. At last, opening

her Bible, she read to him verse after verse from Revelation, closing with the words: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain."

Shutting the book, she looked up into his face. The tears were flowing down his dusky cheeks.

Suddenly Nelly sprang from mother's side, and, running up to him, put her hand into her pocket, and, taking out her mite of a handkerchief, reached up and wiped the tears from his eyes and cheeks. I was frightened, and sprang forward to draw her back; for, like Abram, I had a terror of the wild African, but mother held me back, saying:

"Be still, Robert!"

Mingo slowly unclasped his hands and put them behind him, as though he feared to touch something sacred.

"Lilly gal angel?" he asked, looking wistfully into mother's face.

"No," she answered, smiling through her tears.

"Look laik angel," continued Mingo, gazing at Nelly with awe and admiration.

"Come, Nelly," said mother; "we will go to the house now."

She turned away, deeply touched. Nelly smiled into the black face above her, and said:

"Nelly sorry for Mingo. Keep Nelly's handkerchief to wipe his eyes."

Putting the handkerchief into his hand, she ran away to the house.

Father returned soon after. Looking into mother's happy face, he said:

"Yes, my dear, I have bought Mingo. Jenkins said he was glad to get rid of him. Now, what will you do with him? He is your property, and I wash my hands of him."

"I'll accept the responsibility," cried mother, delightedly.

Mingo was called up and told the change in his condition. The full meaning of it dawned upon him slowly. When at last he realized it, he fell at mother's feet, clasped his hands, and, with tears and laughter, cried out:

"Whip Mingo! Starve Mingo! Mingo no run 'way. Lib wid pritty lady and lilly gal, hear 'bout God, 'bout Jesus."

So Mingo became our slave. His devotion to mother and Nelly was extreme, and not long after his purchase he was the means of saving them from almost certain death. The horses drawing the light carriage in which they were driving became frightened, and dashed head-long towards a long narrow bridge spanning a deep creek. Mingo was in a field near by, picking cotton with other negroes. He rushed to the rescue, and, seizing the horses by the bridles, brought them to a sudden stop. Trampled beneath the horses' feet, he received an ugly cut in his face and a bad cut in his hip, but he kept his hold until other assistance came. In an unconscious condition he was carried home. As soon as he opened his eyes and saw mother bending tearfully over him, he asked:

"Mistis an' lilly gal no hurt?"

Assured that they were safe he smiled and never alluded to the occurrence again.

Mother nursed him faithfully—read to him, prayed with him, her whole soul absorbed with the desire for his salvation, Nelly all the while flitting around his bed like a white dove. The cuts healed, and he was well, except for a slight lameness, which never left him; and he was afterwards kept about the yard, to do such light work as wood-chopping and gardening. He never grew out of the simplicity of childhood.

One day, not long after his illness, he told mother he wished to be baptised and join the church. Father had upon the plantation a church, in which an ordained minister of the gospel preached to the negroes. On the Sundays when he was absent, mother was accustomed to go to the church, taking Nelly and myself with her, and read and sing with such of the negroes as wished to come.

Mingo was always present, sitting very close to mother, very quiet and attentive. After he expressed a desire for baptism, at the next coming of the minister it was attended to. He objected to any change in his name, saying :

“Maybe meet mudder in hebbin. Mudder know Mingo. No know new name.”

So he stood up before the minister, mother beside him, helping him to answer the questions, while Nelly held to her hand. The water was poured upon his bowed head as he humbly promised to be Christ's faithful servant.

With the close of the war came a great change. Father died, and the plantation went to ruin for the want of proper management. Mother moved to a neighboring town, that Nelly and I might go to school. Mingo followed us, but we were too poor to keep him; so, by mother's advice, he supported himself by hiring to do odd jobs, we helping him when he needed it. He came constantly to see us, bringing always to Nelly something he had picked up in his rambles,—a pretty shell or flower, or bright feather from some bird's wing.

One fearful day little Nelly sickened suddenly and died. While she lay in her coffin, mother, sitting beside her, heard the familiar call with which Mingo always announced his coming. Going out, she found him at the steps, a cluster of pure white lilies, gathered from the woods, in his hands. He had not heard of Nelly's death, so smiled and looked around mother for a sight of her. Not seeing he held up the lilies and said, “Fur lilly gal.”

Choking down her sobs, mother led him to the room where lay Nelly, with white flowers all about her, asleep in death.

Regardless of those around him, Mingo fell upon his knees and gazed long and intently into the sweet, pale face; then, looking up at mother, while a heavenly light rested upon his scarred and dusky countenance, he whispered :

“Lilly gal angel now?”

“Yes,” sobbed mother.

“Lib in hebben wid God?”

“Yes.”

He arose from his knees, and, laying the lilies reverently above the little heart, now so still, but which had so often bounded at the coming of her humble friend, he limped out of the room.

Mingo's visits to us became rarer after Nelly's death, although he still retained his strong love for my mother. For several weeks we lost sight of him altogether, when one evening a negro man came to tell mother that Mingo was very ill, and wished to see her. She went immediately and found him hopelessly ill with pneumonia. As she entered the room he looked gratefully towards her, and held out a feeble hand.

“Mingo,” said mother, wiping the death-dew from his forehead, is there anything I can do for you?”

Reaching his hand inside his bosom, Mingo drew out a little scrap of something white, and laid it in mother's hand. She opened it. It was the little handkerchief with which Nelly had wiped away his tears the day he came to us a trembling fugitive. He had treasured it through all these long years.

“When Mingo go, put it on face,” he whispered.

“Mingo,” asked mother, in tears, “are you ready to go?”

She leaned over him to catch his answer. It came, broken and almost inaudible:

“Mingo no 'fraid,—Mistis tell 'bout God,—'bout Jesus,—'bout angels,—Mingo b'lieve,—Mingo no go home an' see mudder,—go hebben, see lilly angel.”

With a smile upon his face, and looking straight into mother's eyes he died

M. E. SAFFOLD,
in The Sunday School Times.

"PSYCHE."

Sweetheart, I love you! Can you guess
 One-half the wealth of happiness
 Those little words imply?
 Beloved, will you ever know
 What depths of tenderness below
 My calm demeanor lie?

A secret let me whisper, dear;
 Bend low, my lips scarce reach your ear—
 And list a pretty fable;
 Pygmalion, you; a statue, I;
 Immobile, cold as death I lie
 To live to love unable

Till you, an ardent lover, woo;
 And look, you; even while you sue,
 Where erst was stone unfeeling—
 Behold a loving creature start—
 A warm, responsive, clinging heart
 Awakes to greet you kneeling!

Nay, love, I never lived till now;
 The years have passed, I know not how,
 In truth I little care.
 I only know, a butterfly—
 Erewhile a chrysalis—am I,
 Sweetheart, since you are near!

Ida S. Heidt, in the Age-Herald.

THE MINISTER'S BUSY DAY.

Years ago, when railroads were in their infancy, I was traveling on horseback through a sparsely settled district in South Carolina, when I came to a small village. A storehouse or two, a bar-room and an inn formed the nucleus of a settlement of very plain, honest, rural people. These villagers had been deprived of religious privileges for several months, as their pastor had gone to his final rest, and they had been unable to supply his place.

When they learned I was a minister, they requested me to preach for them the following day, which was Sunday; to this I readily assented.

After the sermon a young man, ungainly and rustic-looking, but with large mournful eyes that had an appealing look in them; came to me, and in the uncultured dialect of the neighborhood, gave me to understand that he wished me to preach a funeral sermon for his wife, who had been dead some time. As no minister was accessible when she died, she had been buried without the usual funeral rites. I expressed the sympathy I felt, and though I was preparing to depart, promised to remain over, and appointed an hour for the exercises.

At the time named I repaired to the church and was met by several of the brethren, who asked me to perform a marriage ceremony at the conclusion of the funeral service. Without asking the names of the parties, I entered the church at once. On the front seat with several female relatives—as I inferred from the mourning garments—sat the young man with the mournful and appealing eyes who had approached me the day before. I had procured from him some data in regard to the good qualities of his wife, and wove them into my sermon, making it as affecting as possible. I spoke of the brevity of life; of bereavements being sent for our good—that we should accept them as divine dispensations and never murmur nor rebel.

The young man was much affected, as was evidenced by the frequent applications of his handkerchief to his eyes, and the mourning relatives sniffled audibly. But ever and anon my mind reverted to the marriage ceremony to be performed. There is a glamour and interest surrounding a prospective marriage that is irresistible, and I could not keep my mind entirely on the services I was performing. I set my lips together and determined I would put the wedding out of my thoughts, but in spite of me my mind would revert to the forbidden subject.

As I neared the end of my discourse I saw a young girl, fresh and blooming as a May morning, enter the

church with an elderly lady and take a seat near the door. She was attired in a bright pink dress of some light material, and wore a long white veil. I instantly surmised that this was the girl whose destiny was soon to be made or marred; but where was the prospective bridegroom? I preached on but failed to see him enter, nor could I find any one in the assembly who looked like the conventional happy man.

I gave out the final hymn,

“When waves of trouble o’er us roll,”

but still the tardy groom failed to appear. I wondered if the lovely girl—for such she really was—could be doomed to disappointment and mortification, and was becoming really provoked with the laggard by the time the fourth and fifth verses were sung.

We knelt in prayer and I tried to shut out everything from my mind but the mournful occasion of the mournful meeting. I prayed long and fervently that the bereaved husband be given strength to endure, so that when the final summons came he would be reunited to his loved and lost, where partings are no more.

When the doxology was sung, and the young man with the large eyes, more mournful and more appealing than ever, stepped forward and approached me. I thought it was to thank me for the feeling remarks I had made. Instead he told me that “as preachers were so sca’ce in them parts, an’ as I was so accommodatin’ he wished I would do er nother favor fur him.”

I must admit that a look of embarrassment stole over his face several times in addressing me, as though he was not quite certain I would endorse his course, but with an occasional clearing of the throat and the same appealing look he proceeded to explain that he was “mighty lonesome in the big house by hisself, and that Miss Pinky Lou Ogiltree, a near neighbor of his’n,” had promised to marry him.

Too much astonished to speak, I assented, I know not how, and the hero of the hour stepped down the aisle and led to the altar the blooming and blushing Miss Pinky.

I was so disconcerted at the unexpected turn of affairs, and my ideas of the eternal fitness of things so disturbed, that when the couple stood before me, I started out with, "Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble," but merged it quickly into the orthodox marriage ceremony.

I have always been a firm believer in the efficacy of prayer, but I confess consolation had come to my young friend sooner than I expected, and that the strength to endure and rise superior to affliction which I had so fervently prayed for, was vouchsafed in an unexpected and marvelous degree.

BELLE R. HARRISON,
in Kate Field's Washington.

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

During the early spring, when the crocuses had just pushed their golden heads above the cold, damp earth, I looked out of my window one day and saw that a very neatly dressed little carpenter was preparing to build a cosy cottage. His clothes were not at all soiled and he did not seem negligent about them, as a great many workmen unfortunately are. He wore a pretty suit of a color in which blue and gray were blended, around his throat was tied a dark cravat, on his head sat the jauntiest cap you ever saw, while from the pocket of his coat peeped the whitest and daintiest of handkerchiefs.

He seemed to understand his business so well that I thought he must be a carpenter by trade. But when I saw how steadily he worked in all kinds of weather, and

how cheerily he sung, I concluded that his wedding day was set, and that it was his own little home he was building.

My neighbor and I grew to be great friends, and every time I threw open my window I would nod to him and he would nod back, and sometimes we would exchange a few words as he went on with his work.

I had been noticing for several days that my little builder's task was almost done, when one evening he shook his head very saucily as he went away, as if to say, "you can't imagine where I am off to now."

I was greatly surprised the next morning to see my little friend stepping about in his yard as usual. I was on the point of shutting my window without speaking for the first time since we had become acquainted. I was angry with my neighbor, for he had destroyed my plans for his happiness and spoiled a pretty romance.

But just as these ugly thoughts came into my mind, sure enough, a lovely little bride stepped out of the door and the frowns on my brow faded away as they kissed one another good morning. Like the sensible fellow that he was, my friend had given his bride a pretty cottage instead of a bridal trip, and had brought her directly home.

He looked up to my window and bowed with such a pleased smile that I understood him at once to mean "Isn't she pretty?" So I bowed and smiled back, threw them a kiss and shut my window, that they might have their caresses all to themselves.

I thought that my little lady did not know much about housekeeping as yet, and the pantry is something that the most provident of men do not know how to fill, so I sent them over what I fancied they would like for dinner.

I was more than repaid by watching the happiness that dwelt in that home as the days went by. It is true that it was only an humble cottage and that my neighbors lived with the utmost simplicity, but small as their cot-

tage was it was large enough to hold the "greatest thing in the world."

After awhile I heard little voices in the cottage over the way, and then the proud parents seemed happier than ever, if that were possible. Every morning the father went away to provide for their wants, coming back only late in the afternoon. All day the good mother tended her little ones at home, except now and then when compelled to go on an errand. And when she was obliged to be away she would look in at my window as if to ask me to have an eye on her tots during her absence.

At one time I went away on a visit, and while I was gone I was often very uneasy about my good neighbors. I had so often seen distress and misfortune shut the light out of happy homes, that I could not help fearing now and then that the friends I had left behind might not be exempt from the common lot.

However, I was delighted upon my return to find that the sun was shining as brightly as ever on the lattice of their ivy-covered cottage, and that all went as merrily as ever both indoors and out.

One afternoon, a few days after my return, I was suddenly aroused from my usual siesta by the shrillest cries of agony I had ever heard from the pained heart and aching throat of a living creature. I rushed to the window, and lo! the cosy little house had been destroyed to its very foundations, the three little ones lay upon the grass in the painless twitchings of death, one of the destroyers of this home had choked the mother until she could cry no more and the other was striking with a stick at the father, who was trying to avenge the destruction of his home and the death of his family.

Before I could rush to his assistance a well aimed blow had crushed his life out.

Ah, little friend, it was better that you should yield up your spirit thus, on the ruins of your home! Thenceforth it would have been but a mockery of your brief happiness.

The ruthless—perhaps thoughtless—perpetrators of the crime ran away at my coming, and I could only sit down alone and look through my tears at the dead bodies of my little friends that I had loved so dearly and should miss so sorely!

I gave them a quiet and decent burial and left them to their innocent sleep under the daisies.

I wonder if the readers of this simple story have guessed that my happy little neighbors were birds, and that their destroyers were two of those misguided, if not cruel boys, that think it great fun to rob birds' nests!

I cannot believe that any member of the Eight O'Clock Club would be guilty of so heartless a deed.

EDELWEISS, (M. LAF. R.)

in Philadelphia Times.

AT DAWN.

To-day, upon the shores of time, a shell
 Out from Eternity's vast deep is hurled
 Bearing from out the surge, and roar, and swell
 A mystic music of the spheres enwhorled.

Surely when closely pressed for all its song,
 Amid its notes of elemental war—
 Dead moons, and growing worlds, life, death, right, wrong—
 Some strain of "Peace be still" will sound afar.

MARTHA YOUNG,

in New York Home Journal.

ABOUT WOMEN.

Society is as "fickle as a changeful dream," and in the marriageable age, as in other things, custom has passed under the wave of new impulse. Mere girls and boys were many of those, who in the past were pushed forward into responsible positions in life. At an age when girls of the present time are still in the school

room our American grandmothers were entering into social enjoyment, and often married at fifteen, sometimes sooner. Thus early assuming the grave responsibilities of life, they were relegated to caps and knitting work at thirty-five and forty, and ended their career at an age when women of today feel that life is opening for them broader fields of usefulness and enjoyment. Statesmen at home and abroad stepped early into the arena in those days. Alexander Hamilton and Charles James Fox were beardless youths, under twenty, when one was listened to by the New York populace, the other by gray heads in the house, while Fox's rival, the younger Pitt, began his brilliant career as statesman when only a little older.

At what period our sisters across the sea were considered ancient, I dare not say. One great man speaks of thirty-three as the ideal age, the fascinating period in a woman's life, when she reaches the full development of her powers of mind and body. Thirty-three was the time at which Frau Von Stein proved dangerous to the heart of the poet who had survived her more youthful charms. Another man declares that the woman of forty is as dangerous as she is fascinating, then she understands how to exercise her gifts and charms in the most effective manner, and that luxuriant nature in the infinite plentitude of her goodness, has bequeathed to man naught else so intoxicating and incomparable as the woman of forty. Ninon de l'Enclos was fifty-six when she inspired Marquis de Sevigne with his romantic passion, was seventy when she made the conquest of Baron de Benier of Swedish royalty, and eighty when she achieved the better known victory over the heart of Abbe Gedoyne, a young Jesuit.

Now a word about woman's brain. There is a fair specimen of reasoning to prove that the intellectual faculties of women are equal to men, but it is far from conclusive. History of every period and every people furnishes some few extraordinary women who have soared above all disadvantages, and shown in the different characters which render men eminent and conspicuous.

Assyria furnished a Semiramis, Palmyra a Zenobia, Egypt a Cleopatra—famous for heroism, for skill in government and personal charms, and each had passed their teens before she reached the zenith of power. Many are embalmed in the pages of Grecian and Roman history who set examples of courage and fortitude. Germany and England have exhibited queens whose talents in the field or in the cabinet would have done honor to either sex; and our own country can boast at this moment of females whose achievements in literature, at the bar and in the pulpit have gained them a reputation equal almost to the most distinguished men of the age. But nature has in general assigned to the female a different sphere and to herself a different calling from man, and there was a time when the women of America knew and kept the place for which nature intended them.

Dear, glorious grandmothers! Women did not then have a voice in the control of public charities, on hospital boards; they had not dreamed of a solution of the question of pauperism, the Indian question had not come up, there were no "health talks," and the idea of a woman studying anatomy and physiology and having an understanding of the functions of that wonderful piece of mechanism, her body, would have been considered highly improper, and for her to live in the vortex of society, a married flirt, indecent. Then the last and terrible plague—municipal woman's suffrage—had not invaded home, to separate family ties, to make women neglect their home and their babies, to degrade the name of woman! One man formulated in a clever fashion the popular feeling of the present day when he said: "A woman preaching is like a dog's walking on its hind legs, it is seldom well, but you are surprised to find it done at all."

When we compare the typical American girls, pale slender, fragile creatures, with narrow blue-veined hands, hollow eyes and languid movements, with the pictures of our grandmothers, we are struck by the contrast. We can well believe that these women at forty could have

boasted as much hair as the present girl at twenty; better teeth, a fresher complexion, and twice as much muscle and nerve, and must have been creatures one would like to meet. These grandmothers were good and pretty, intelligent and domestic; who "looked well to their household" and accomplished marvels of preserving, pickling and elegant needle work. They did what their hands found to do in the line of charity; were elegant and proper in deportment, with alluring and indescribable sweetness of manner, possessing that intuitive and ready perception which made them adapt themselves to any circumstance. They made their homes a heaven of peace and happiness, and—to their eternal honor—were faithful wives, dutiful daughters and the tenderest mothers. In the time of danger, in hours of the severest trials, the souls of these women, in beautiful contrast with their physical weakness, shone brightest and strongest—a soul by which they were qualified for their great mission on earth.

Endowed with the milder virtues and those graces which are calculated to cheer and soften and humanize the rougher sex, woman is eminently fitted by her organization to fulfill her destiny and shed the light of love and happiness over a degenerate race. A higher destiny she could not seek; a loftier sphere she could not fill! May woman ever feel, that herein lies her highest glory—that this constitutes her noblest aim.

MINNIE REESE RICHARDSON,
in The Age-Herald.

THE FIN DE SIECLE GIRL.

She has quite an admiration
For a college education,
And has learned of wisdom all she needs to know;
She can trip the latest dances,
She can cast the sweetest glances,
And she never, never fails to have a beau.

She excels in opera singing,
 She is skilled in dumb-bell swinging,
 All instruments she plays—whiche'er you please—
 She can shoot with gun or arrow,
 She can break a bank at faro,
 She can row a boat, and swim with greatest ease.

She can drive a two horse tandem,
 She can drive a coach at random,
 And at fencing, golf, and tennis she's expert.
 She can ride a two-wheel cycle,
 And in love she's never fickle—
 Though she is coquettish and dearly loves to flirt.

She can beat a man at walking,
 She can beat a man at talking,
 She can beat his style of wearing coat and hat;
 Yet she dons bewitching dresses,
 And a magic charm possesses.
 And her eyes make many hearts go-pit-a-pat.

She can cook most toothsome dishes,
 She can do most all she wishes,
 But she's one desire which still seems far remote;
 So her fate she is bewailing,
 And the law she is assailing,
 For she cannot run for President, nor vote.

Clara R. Jemison, in Montgomery Advertiser.

WOMAN IN PHILANTHROPY.

This is, in a certain sense, the age of woman. She has discovered herself en masse, her powers, as well as her limitations, and there is no danger that she will hide her light under a bushel. For years the clear eye and keen vision has seen that she only needed the opportunity to become a positive factor along all the lines of purity and progress in true national development. We hear much to-day of the new woman. I do not think there is a New Woman. Intrinsicly she is the same, only as has been said, "She has stepped down out of her glass case."

All that was best in the old life, has only been joined to new aspirations, new hopes, new courage, as she has realized that she has a legitimate part to play towards a universal end. But that end is not political. No! a thousand times No!

There are two great high roads to civilization, and along one of them woman has, for centuries, made her unerring way, and has made it blossom like the path to Heaven. I mean philanthropy in its deepest and broadest sense; philanthropy as applied to practical charity; to prison and asylum reform; to education; to church work among the poor, the degraded, the heathen. More than in the past, a field as wide as earth and Heaven opens along these lines to the woman who wants to leave an impress for good on her age.

We need not trace, at any length, the gradual emancipation of woman from the darkness and slavery that was once her portion. With the advent, light dawned for her, and during Christ's earthly ministry, her faithful devotion to Him and His cause shines out with an unfading glory.

Some one has said, "the new life had hardly begun before there blossomed out of that dark and gloomy soil some of the finest and saintliest characters the world has ever known." The "honorable women of Thessolonica," Lydia at Phillipi, Damaris, Dorcas, "full of good works and alms deeds, which she did," and many others adorn the pages of sacred history. The poor Samaritan woman received from the Saviour Himself the story of His wondrous mission. Women followed Him to the Cross, and His first message after He had risen from the grave, "Go tell the brethren," was given to them.

INFLUENCE IN CHURCH HISTORY.

Later, we find in church history, a luminous milky-way of women, who shed a starry influence over their times. The mothers of Bernard, Hldegarde, Heloise, mothers and teachers, exerted a wide influence for good in the darkest periods of the Middle Ages, and the record

of the impress made on Chrysostom by Anthusa, on Basil by Emmelia; on Augustine by Monica; on Gregory by Nonna, goes to show how, in a quiet way, the women of the past moulded the age in which they live. When Libanus, the brilliant teacher of Chrysostom, met his mother and sisters, he is said to have exclaimed, "What women these Christians have !"

PHILANTHROPY IN MISSIONS.

In philanthropy, as covering missionary work in heathen lands or in home fields, nothing can be found superior to the intelligent devotion and self abnegation of woman. Her heroism in the midst of the dangers, the loneliness, the discouragements of work in foreign lands need not be repeated. It is a sublime story that is repeating itself day by day. No finer illustration of woman's power in Christian philanthropy can be found than in the work of the Salvation Army. It has been said that it is the modern fulfillment of the parable of the Good Samaritan, "That its philanthropy is religious, and its religion is philanthropic." All know that the germ of this great work lay in the inspired heart of General Booth's wife, and that to-day the beautiful and gifted Mrs. Ballington Booth is its life and inspiration.

CHARITY IN MODERN TIMES.

For practical charity in modern times woman has shown a peculiar fitness. Her singleness of purpose is never doubted. She has no axe to grind; no office in view, and no political preferment to be attained. Then, too, she brings to this wide field a delicate sympathy that is life-giving, and a beneficence that is not professional. She comes to feel a personal friendship for the poor that makes her endeavor to lift them, soul and body, and spirit, into a higher life. Ruskin says that men will do everything for the poor except to consider them. This is not true of women. When they go on their errands of mercy it is love, and not simple justice, that impels them,

and with a tender insight they recognize the good that may linger in sin-weary lives, and give heart and hope for new efforts.

ORIGIN OF PHILANTHROPY.

Most of the great practical philanthropic movements of the world had their origin in the hearts of women. The prison doors that were opened wide by John Howard, were first moved by his wife's influence. Elizabeth Fry begun the great work of Asylum and Prison Reform in England; her influence spread around the world and brought into being the greatest of modern charities, the Training School for Nurses, established by Fliedner, at Kaiserworth.

On this side of the water in 1802, Dorothea Dix began her self-abnegating mission in behalf of dethroned reason. Soon, under a newly awakened public conscience, the barbarous system that prevailed in the management of asylums, jails, and alm-houses was radically changed all over the civilized world.

We all know how the war hospitals of all lands were revolutionized by Florence Nightingale, and the work-house wards made over through the efforts of Agnes Jones.

In this beautiful service of trained nursing in this day, the Florence Nightingales and Sister Doras are multiplied as the sands of the sea, and women, gifted in mind and heart, pursue their high and holy calling in behalf of afflicted humanity with an unselfish devotion beyond all praise. Father Damien's assistant in the Sandwich Islands was a young and cultured woman, and in far-off ice-bound Siberia, a woman singly and alone, has ministered to the plague-stricken among the lepers.

PHILANTHROPY IN EDUCATION.

Of woman's philanthropic work in education; in helping those who are helping themselves; in cheering the lonely, and finding in ordinary social life the opportunities for inspiring the weary and way-worn, I have not

space to speak ; nor of her highest and finest work, which is in the home. There the root of all the blossoms of love and charity lie imbedded, and therein the lever with which, rightly applied, she can move this old, weary, sin-sick world to a higher plane, politically and morally.

Do you recall Wordsworth's lines? They were written of Milton, but they apply to the true woman.

“Thy soul was as a star and dwelt apart ;
Thou had'st a voice whose sound was like the sea ;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic free,
So did'st thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart,
The lowliest duties on itself did lay.”

Frederick W. Robertson has beautifully said : “Trust me, a noble woman laying on herself the duties of her sex, while fit for higher things ; the world has nothing to show more like the Son of Man than that.

MRS. GEORGE B. EAGER,
in Richmond Times-Woman's Edition.

RUSTICALITIES.

We had moved into the country. Not only had we moved our physical beings and our belongings, but we had also brought the breath of the city in our inner consciousness. Coming into the very heart of nature, in the midst of dwellers thereof, there were interesting scenes and studies, from the contrasts of ideas, absorbed in varying associations.

Quite an interested group of natives was gathered at the depot when we arrived. A freight train a few hours previously had deposited all our effects on the platform.

Some grave subject of debate is agitating the inhabitants. They are arguing, betting and protesting. At last in front of the tiny cottage, which is to be our abode,

the cause of the popular agitation becomes apparent. They are excited over the problem as to how we are ever going to get our belongings into so small a house. The difficulty appeals to myself. I look at the line of wagons piled up with trunks and furniture. Then I look at the miniature dwelling. But my hopes revive; and the now general discussion is ended by the conclusive remark of a patriarchal old darkey sitting under a tree:

“'Tain't no use argufyin' 'bout all dat ar furniture gettin' inter dat leetle house. I dun see dat white lady a-comin' an' a-stompin' down de road; an' de way she step out, I jes' know all dat truck is gwine to git into dat house somehow or udder. I jes' know hits gwine to be dun; an' I'se settin' here to see which er way she gwine to do hit.”

I then proceeded vigorously to deserve this delicate compliment to my energetic appearance. I had brought with me from my town a colored girl who promised to remain a month. As she said:

“I ain't gwine to leave you Miss Leany, tell you gits a girl.”

One morning while my particular cook lady was washing vegetables at the well, and several wash ladies were congregated around, the subject of this successor was brought up. Scraps of the conversation reached me as I sat rocking the baby to mid-day sleep.

“You see,” said Maria, talking quite properly, as a colored lady from the city should, in presence of country darkies, “Miss Leaney, she aint no ways hard to please.”

“Dese yere town folkses is all biggoty,” declares an Amazonian wash lady.

“Well,” Miss Leany, she ain't a bit biggoty.” I felt relieved to be declared innocent of this crime in country eyes.

“Same time you can't go too fur wif Miss Leany. She are this way: Long as you goes along and does putty well, Miss Leany ain't carin', but when she see you a-tryin' to shirk and not tryin' to do, then, like as not she

han' you yo' money an' say you ain't de kind of a gal she need." I smiled at this characteristic description.

"Well, Maria," I inquired a few days after, "How are you getting along about finding me a girl?"

"Well, Miss Leany, I thinks dat's all right. I dun pronounce it 'roun' dat you is a good white lady to live wif. An' de preacher he dun pronounce it from de pulpet, what you wants a girl, an' he ax ef any of de members can give you a rek'mendation, and Cousin Nervy Scrubbs she riz up and say what Cousin Maria Higgins, dat's me, dun live three years wif dis yere lady an' dun fin' her a real passable, good white lady. Den de preacher he extort de sisters dey look out fur dis yere place, 'case Sister Scrubbs and our visitin' member, Sister Higgins, dun give de lady a good rek'mendation."

At last I selected a slim, tidy girl, black and shiny of visage, with a perpetual grin and an incessant chuckle of satisfaction at everything.

"Partheny Ruggles is my name. I was named outen de Scriptures."

But Parthenia's qualities were purely social and not domestic. As an entertainer she was a great success. As a worker a dismal failure. So happy were she and my little brood together, that I scarcely had the heart to break off the recitals of how "Brandy Coon dun run away," and "De country gal come aplowin' down de road. Take yo' foot out de sand an' stick it in de mud," and other legends of rural life, by mentioning the uncooked dinner, the unswept rooms and other harrowing subjects. So it resolved itself into my doing the work and Parthenia encouraging me thereto; "I jes' does love to see you wuk, Miss Leany. You is sho' plum peart a-wukin'; an' yo sho' can hustle roun'."

Parthenia, though young in years, was a great local historian, a chronicler of all events past and present, in the settlement. So diverting was she, in her recitals, that

I often became as much amused as the children, and would pause in my rounds of "hustlin'" to listen and to laugh.

"Miss Leany, does you know dem Wittleses w'at lives down de road."

I acknowledged a slight acquaintance.

"Well, day sho' is cur'us white folks to live wif."

"Curious! How?" I inquired, calling to mind the polite, dignified family.

"Well, dey jes' want you to wuk an' to wuk."

"Well," I said laughingly, "that would certainly be curious to expect of you, Parthenia."

"Now, pshaw! Miss Leany, I knows I ain't got much wuk in my bones, my own granny say dat herself; but, Miss Leany, when I was stayin' down dar, at de Wittleses, I sho' did have to wuk."

"I am certainly glad to hear it."

"But law! Miss Leany, does you love gophers?"

"I am mildly addicted to them," I replied.

Parthenia laughed merrily. "An' mack'el fish. You sho' don't love dem mack'el fish, does you, Miss Leany?" She hung anxiously on my answer.

"No, Parthenia; mackerel and I are not very good friends."

"I sho' is glad. Law me! Miss Leany, when I was a stayin' down to de Wittleses, dey jes' plum beat me out wif gophers an' mack'el fish. When I see dat lame niggah Josh a plowin' up de road, wif a cyart jes' a crawlin' full of dem critters, I lets out a groan; case I knows Miss Lucretia gwine to buy de hull lot and somebody got to eat 'em. 'What's de matter, Parthenia?' ax Miss Lucretia, a countin' de forkses and spoons. 'Is you got a pain?' 'Yes, ma'am,' I says; and I sho' was stressted 'bout hearing dat cyart full of gophers. Sho' nuff, Miss Lucretia, she buy de hull cyart full; an' we turn dem gophers loose on de floor of de feed house. Next morning old Lijah, what can't scarcely tow hisself an' his rheumatiz, goes a rollin' his wheelbarrow to de train. 'Gwine to get some town victuals,' I says, an' jes' larfs to myself. 'What's

you got, Uncle Lijah?' I ax. 'A barr'l of mack'el fish, he say, short and mad like. 'Good Lawd!' I groans to myself, 'a houseful of gophers an' a barr'l of mack'el and somebody got to eat 'em.' Law! Miss Leany, ef you jes' cud a heerd dem gophers a dancin' an' a scuffin' in dat house. I useter to lie awake nights and hear dem critters a dancin' up an' down, right han' cross, swing yo' partner, all hans roun' an' cross over all, tell I t'inks I can smell dem mack'els a swimmin' in de barr'l an' I jes' groans an' groans: 'A houseful of gophers and a barr'l of mack'el fish and nuffin' else fur dis yere nigger to eat.'"

There had been a new jail built in the settlement. A corporation was formed with a council and a mayor. Hitherto all disturbers of the peace had been carried to the county seat for trial. Now all that was necessary for the dignity of the new corporation was that somebody should break a law, be tried, and committed to the new and as yet unoccupied jail. Two obliging colored gentlemen became involved in a dispute over "craps," a difference of fifteen cents in computation. The verbal arguments were followed by the unfailing logic of the darkey—the razor. Some blood was shed. With great show of authority they were arrested, and next morning the trial was held. The entire settlement suspended business to attend. The wealthier of the combatants was fined ten dollars and the costs of court. The impecunious one was also fined ten dollars. No personal funds being available and no substantial friend or bondsman appearing, he was, with great ceremony, escorted by the entire population to the jail. But here a new problem confronted the authorities. I can best describe it in Parthenia's Language. She burst in upon me next morning;

"Law! Miss Leany, dem white gemmen dun tu'n Bill Saunders loose outen de jail.

"Yes?" I said.

"You see, Miss Leany, dey dun fine dat niggah ten dollars. Now, whar in de kingdom is dat no 'count triflin' niggah ever gwine raise ten dollars at one pop?"

'Stay in de jail ten days,' says Mr. Ma'ar. "All right," says Bill. "I aint got no money, an' I'se gwine to wallow in de jail ten days. Jes' put me dar an' I'll hog it out. Well, dey taken him to de jail, an' den de Ma'ar, he say to de Marshal, 'Yo see dat Bill is fed an' has proper bed-din'.' 'Yes, sah,' says de Marshal, 'and who's gwine pay for Bill's ten day's feedin'?' 'Why de copp'ration, in course,' says de Ma'ar. 'Yes, sah,' says de Marshal, 'but dere aint but seven dollars in de treasury, and I dun garn'shee dat fur de ten dollars what de copp'ration owes me on my salary. Well, Miss Leany, dey jes' argufy an' dey talk, and nobody gwine to feed dat niggah ten days, he's a awful feeder. Bill is, an' nobody gwine be 'sponsible fur he feed, an' so Mr. Ma'ar, he jes' say; Well, tun 'm loose. He can't stay in da ten days 'thouten any victuals. An' dat triflin Bill was lyin' down plum happy an' sleepin', when dey call 'im to come out, and dat darkey ain't got over bein' strested yet, 'bout losin' dem ten days' free feedin'."

"Parthenia," I said one morning when a suggestion of frost made me look uneasily at the dwindling wood-pile, "I want to have some more wood cut."

"Law, Miss Leany! lemme go fotch Elder Ephraim. He is sho plum good at cuttin' wood."

In a little while she returned with a muscular young colored man.

"Da now, Brer Ephraim, da is the wud and da is de axe; and hustle 'roun', 'case dey ain't scasely wud fur de dinner. Miss Leany, dis yere is Elder Ephraim Jordan. He's a preacher, Brer Ephraim is, but he ain't got no call as yet to preach."

The "uncalled" acknowledged the introduction by laying off his brimless hat and saying: "Yo' servant ma'am, an' I hopes yo' is gwine to let me cut all de winter's wood." In the confidence of the sitting room Parthenia explains:

"Brer Ephraim, he ain't no sho nuff preacher. He's jes' a local; but all we members, we jes' calls him Elder Ephraim, 'case he was so sot on gittin' a call to preach."

"Well, Parthenia, Elder Ephraim is a first class wood-cutter." I was contemplating the goodly pile of firewood left by the "uncalled." "If he can preach as well as he can cut wood, I do not see why he does not get a call."

Parthenia chuckled merrily a moment, then says with great superiority:

"He ain't no ways of a preacher Miss Leany. Why I dun herd his trial sermunt."

"Was it a great trial to you, Parthenia?"

She scorned to notice this poor little joke.

"No, ma'am, it warn't no great trial no ways. Jes' a poor, missa'ble no 'count sermunt. When he got fru, we members couldn't tell what we wus, ef we must shout glory, or go a seekin', or jes' riz up and fin' de mourners' bench. An' when dey cum to read dat sermunt, dem town preachers what wuss dar, da was two words what Elder Ephraim cudn't no ways spell."

"What were they?" I inquired, wondering what unrelenting theological term had tripped poor Ephraim.

"Dey wus jes' biscuits and coffee; and you know Miss Leany, a preacher what can't spell dem words ain't never got no call to preach."

"Who is your friend, Parthenia?" I inquired, as a stylish looking colored man lifted his shiny beaver hat to my maid, as he passed the gate.

"Dat's a bishop, Miss Leany. Bishop Calloway. He dun preach last night. Miss Leany, dem bishops dey sho is sassy, now ain't dey?"

"Indeed, are they, Parthenia?" I asked, amused at this novel criticism of a dignified office.

"Dey Sho'ly is. Wy dem bishops dey wears all the good clothes and shiny hats dey can get and dey jes' gits up in de pulpit and sasses de hull church full; and de members blegged to take it, blegged to stand it, 'ceptin' dey leaves de meetin' or falls down in a fit, same as Sister

Emmeline, an' all de brudders a puffin' an' a blowin'—'case Sister Emmeline, she was awful fat, she was, to tote—dat bishop he gets outen de pulpit right peart and plum scart, 'case he thought it was a risin' of de members 'gainst his sassin' dem any more. Miss Leany, you ain't nebber see Sister Emmeline Flinders? No, in course you ain't. She dun dead mosten two years. She war sholy fat, was Sister Emmeline. She warn't no reg'lar church member an' de members was plum mad at her, a comin' dat night an' a havin' a fit an' a-makin dem brudders tote her out, an' it was sholy hot dat night. Sister Emmeline didn't b'long to no sassiety an' w'en she died she was buried like a pawpus."

"Like a porpoise?" I asked. "You mean she looked like a porpoise?"

"No, ma'am. She dun look good enough. De sisters lay her out. But she ain't got no buryin' funds in de sassiety, and she been buried by s'cription, jes' like a pawpus."

"O! you mean like a pauper," I said.

"Yes, ma'am, Miss Leany," the little darkey solemnly answered, all unconscious of the pun she had made in describing the burial of the fat sister—"like a pawpus."

When Parthenia left, her place was filled by a stolid country darkey, who was a great contrast to that entertaining young person. Our new domestic, Lavinia, was as nearly dumb as one with the gift of speech could be. She might almost have been a female Trappist, such silence as she observed. She never spoke but from the most absolute necessity.

But what a cook she was! I think in those long, silent meditations of hers she must have received culinary inspirations, so full of genius was her cooking. Only once I saw her moved out of her stolidity. Every day at the dinner hour, she would appear at the sitting room door. Her lips would move, but no sound came. I grew to understand that she meant the meal was served.

One day she came, as usual, to the door.

"All right, Lavinia," I said, "I will come in a minute. I want to finish this little piece of sewing."

She still stood, her lips moving a little faster, but no sound could I hear.

Seeing me calmly continue my sewing, by a mighty effort she gasped out: "Come right off!" The kitchen's on fire!" I did not finish my sewing just then.

It is said that rural life is a great promoter of originality, or rather of individuality of character and experience. Now, there does not seem to be much scope for originality in a funeral oration, and yet a most thoroughly unique and unconventional effort of that sort came to me, in the little churchyard of our country home.

A man having died in a remote settlement he was brought to our village for burial. With him came the preacher of his own district. The greater part of the service was held around the grave, the sermon and the singing. As the coffin was lowered into the grave, he stepped forward, and, bowing most effusively on all sides waved his hand toward the coffin.

"This yere, ladies and men, is our good old friend, Abimileck Scriggs. He's dead, Abimileck is." That seemed to be the general impression, else why a funeral? "This is Abimileck in the coffin; and you'er his kinfolks and his neighbors and his friends."

Being now all properly introduced—though the fact of introducing a corpse, struck, with its grim humor—the preacher proceeded: "Now whar's Abimileck? That I couldn't say, ladies and men, because ladies and men, I don't know. I ain't taking any chances. Most inginerly I takes no chances; and I ain't a saying where Abimileck is. But men and ladies this much I does know. Abimileck ain't a carin' now bout craps and dry spells and rainy weather and the price of sweet potatoes. But mind, I ain't a sayin' whar Abimileck is. Most inginerly I takes no chances and I ain't a sayin' whar Abimilick is.

But ladies and men, whar Abimileck is, wharsomever he's bin pintoed to stand, none of these yere consarns is a troublin' him."

For over two hours the preacher harangued the multitude—the "ladies and men," though why the "men" should not be "gentlemen," when the "women were ladies," went past my comprehension, but "ladies and men" was the ever-recurring combination. When his breath and voice gave out he appealed to the crowd:

"Jes hist a hime Hist it quick. I'm powerful short-winded to-day, and I'll rest a spell while you're singin'. Hist the "Good Old Ship of Zion." That's the hime our good old brother Abimileck down there dead in the coffin would love to hear." The hime not being "histed" to his satisfaction, he became somewhat indignant.

"Ef you'se can't hist a better chune over good old Abimileck I'll try it myself."

Then, in a quavering falsetto, he again launched the Ship of Zion. Having heard Parthenia render this selection as an inducement to the baby to go to sleep, I joined in with the preacher. He glanced gratefully at me, stopped singing and left me to lead with a few shaky sisters. Our uncertain chorus had what musicians would call "an obligato" from the preacher by way of encouragement, "That's right, my visitin' sister. We's powerful glad to have you h'ist the chune. I dun herd you was a singin' in a town church, and you can sartin sure sholy start that 'Good Old Ship of Zion.' I can see it sailing while you sing. Our pore old Brother Abimileck, he sho did love that ar hime. Pears like he would most riz outen that coffin to hert you."

The suggestion of that possibility almost choked off any vocal progress. Well, he preached some more and he sang some more, until the sun was high, and my four-year-old piped out in her clear treble:

"Please mama, ain't de fun'eal goin' to get no dinner to-day?" Then we dispersed.

M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN,
in The Catholic Columbian.

INSPIRATION.

Upon the rolling sea of formless mind
 The spirit brooded. . . Darkness pressed a palm
 Against its yearning gaze, and round the calm,
 Slow feet that tread the deep, a pall did wind.
 The solemn sound of hidden force, that pined
 To vent its latent might in rhythmic psalm
 Of bubbling brook, of lilting bird, alarm
 Of muttered moanings deep alone could find.

Let there be light ! The Brooding One ordained,
 Night on its sable wings flitted apace—
 Power Incarnate gazed forth into space
 'Till the wide trail of night in ebony stained,
 With ciphers of light in assonance chained,
 Now chimed with arias of infinite grace.

C. H. INGE,
in New York Home Journal

" EDELWEISS. "

A chubby, dimpled baby face,
 Framed in by golden curls,
 A dainty mouth with rose-leaves lined,
 And set with glistening pearls ;
 I asked her name, and who she was—
 To her doll she gave a kiss,
 Then answered with sweet dignity :
 " I'm mother's Edelweiss."

" A queer name, little one," I said,
 " Why did she name you so ? "
 The little lady shook her head,
 And answered : " I don't know."
 " And what does father call you, dear ? "
 Her eyes grew wide at this ;
 She answered : " Hasn't any ; I'm
 Just mother's 'Edelweiss.' "

Years afterwards I wandered
 Thro' a churchyard quaint and old,
 And came upon a little mound,
 Whereon sweet flowers grew bold,
 A tiny white cross reared its head ;
 The setting sunshine's kiss
 Lingered upon a name thereon,
 I looked : 'twas " Edelweiss."

I thought then of the little one,
 Whom I saw long years ago ;
 Of the little one with golden curls
 Who loved her dolly so.
 Poor mother ! how I pitied her !
 The little cross I kissed,
 In tender sympathy with her
 Who lost her "Édelweiss."

VENI McDONALD,
in New Orleans Picayune

VALEDICTORY TO ST. JOSEPH'S.

No cloudlet dims Aurora's ray
 While sweetly smiles our Vale to-day ;
 New charms of beauty now adorn,
 Fair blossom rivalling sunbeam's hue,
 Rare floweret kissed by crystal dew ;
 O'er streamlet, mead and rill is borne
 The peerless glow of radiant morn.

Why midst us now doth Parting steal
 Our halcyon joys thus to conceal ?
 Ah, glorious life, for us no more !
 Gay scenes of childhood, boons of earth,
 Fond Memory treasures well your worth ;
 We part from all, save precious lore
 Whose spirit may lost youth restore.

Five blissful years in sweet content
 With thee, O Vale serene, I've spent ;
 The brightest joys glad youth can know
 Are thine, all thine ; too swiftly passed
 Those blithesome moments ; could they last !
 But still, St. Joseph's, strength bestow
 As Fountain-head, whence blessings flow.

A tear fond glisteneth round each smile,
 No more, as erst, can joys beguile ;
 Full soon unfoldeth woman's sphere
 Wherein doth shine all virtues sweet,
 With strength, endurance, e'er replete,
 Wherein faith leadeth souls most dear
 To hope, to love, to persevere.

Of heart, of soul, rich gifts we hail,
 Celestial manna of the Vale ;
 The best to me that here was given
 Is precious Faith, gem not of earth,
 None purer, greater, higher worth ;
 Its changeless lustre is from Heaven ;
 May ne'er this pearl from me be riven.

Sweet home, St. Joseph's, charm unfold
 More priceless far than gems of gold ;
 Within my heart I'll deep enshrine
 The purest love earth can bestow
 That casts o'er parting Heaven's glow ;
 And thus through life I'll e'er combine,
 Dear Valley, blessings only thine.

Loved Sisters, let me breathe once more
 My heart's deep fervor as of yore ;
 Fore'er that heart with love shall burn :
 And if, as bird, 'twere left to me
 My nest to choose,—ah! were I free,
 From home, from school-life ne'er I'd turn ;
 My soul for both in vain doth yearn.

Companions, loyal, warm, sincer ;
 We're leaving shrines our souls revere ;
 Love born of love its links did chain
 Round hearts, round souls, mid childhood, youth :
 We've learned here virtue, knowledge, truth,
 From those who e'er through sunshine, rain,—
 Look heavenward only for true gain.

Youth's crowning triumph now is o'er,
 No joy like this can Time restore ;
 O Mary loved, Queen of our Vale,
 E'er guide us o'er life's changeful sea,
 St. Joseph, too, our Guard still be ;
 Then safely must our barque, though frail,
 Lead us eternal joys to hail.

Frances P. Seay.

THE ORGAN-MASTER.

Bernotti was beside himself with joy. At an elevation far above the sordid elements of earth, what wonder he appeared unlike one of its creatures? He seemed to hover in mid-air as he reflected on the narrow-minded, simple class with whom his lot had lately been cast.

For the wonderful organ was completed! In its exterior of fluted gold and satin-wood it challenged every beholder. Could one conceive of the wakeful nights, the beating pulse, the frenzied haste that had characterized its gradations?

Only kindred souls, for the second vision is rare, and the implanted power that strengthens it flourishes in few natures.

Yet one very near had shared his enthusiasm; had felt the alternations of hope and despair as strongly as he, and now, with him, uttered exclamations of delight.

Behold her as she stands beside him. The resemblance is so marked as to cause no doubt. The same broad brow, blue-black hair, dark prophetic eye is there. What matter if the pallor on both faces be striking! One does not desire rosy cheeks and cherubic smiles forever—they detract from soul strength.

“Carlotta *mia*, what thinkest thou? Shall we try the Sanctus?”

She observes the nervous fingers, the kindling eye, the appealing speech, and his eagerness communicates with hers. No one is near; the workmen have left the building. Full pleased were they at the termination of the job. With no more pride, however, than such classes feel as they count the working days. Only Paolo, a boy, lingers near. He doubtless is needed.

“Thine answer, daughter?”

She nods assent, her eyes beaming; and the doors are unlocked.

The many banks of ivory keys shame his long, pale fingers, they are so dazzling in newness. He lets his

hands lie passively there until inspiration, joy, gratitude, and devotion creep down to the slender tips; then the soul of the man and the soul of the organ are incorporated into one and rise together.

Out-doors the day is young. The din of life and traffic drown the opening bars of the melody; also the matchless purity and velvety softness of the girl's voice. But the father hears them, and the nave, chancel, and recesses of the cathedral hold them jealously for a while.

And Paolo, the organ-blower, hears them. He falls on his knees, as best he may, crosses himself, and utters a hasty "Jesu, Maria! an angel sings!"

One slanting ray of sunlight pierces the stained glass window near the organ loft, like a golden shaft of glory. It rests, at first, on the choir-rail; but as the girl, in momentary rapture, shifts her position, it aureoles her head like a tribute to fame. All is impressive and beautiful; the air quivers with melody and tone-power.

As the song dies the father and the child suddenly embrace.

Without, the last bars have been caught by the passing throng. From one or two listening ones a number grow, until an eager company pause with attentive ears. They themselves, Florentines, inhabit a land of song; it is their birthright, and that dreamy, intense look on their faces belongs to their souls as truly as the life-breath to their bodies.

"We will enter," exclaim they.

But the doors do not yield to their impatient fingers; the battering knocks elicit no response. For the two up there do not hear nor remember world-sounds—they are winging an unconscious flight, and the cries of earthlings die as space grows wider.

Can you not wait, oh, people! Can you not cherish the memory of those faint vibrations until the full tones are heard? To-morrow the cathedral doors open—the celebration of San Bernardo occurs.

Some have evidently forgotten this, for one in the throng assures them it is so, dwelling with such emphasis

on the wonderful instrument, the new maestro, and the peerless voice of Carlotta, that the people gather round him eagerly for more information.

He succeeds in instilling patience until the morrow. They move reluctantly away, and the space before the doors is bare for a moment or two.

"Home, *cara mia*," says the father.

The triumph is over. To begin anew, however, on the morrow, when the people, the warm-hearted people, will shout in exultancy. Even the saints shall hear, and the silent, sculptured figures near the altar will not appear of lifeless stone.

The three pass quickly into the street, unobserved, and seemingly calm. Bernotti's home is within a moderate walk—a half-hour's ride. His pace is nervous and accelerated by thought. The daughter moves silently by his side.

Paolo leaves them shortly. A look not unmixed with awe comes into his face as he murmurs. "*Addio, signora, signora!*"

Carlotta beckons him, and reaching down into the embroidered *scarsella* hanging at her side, places something in his small white palm.

A grateful "*grazio*," and he runs away with delight. Poor youth, he cannot intrude on their "holy of holies," he can only feel, and quiver with the dominance of their personalities.

The maestro's home lies very near the river, on the southern bank. It is a quaint stone building, with small windows and a grim-looking entrance. Years ago, so tradition tells, a noble—Orlando de Cenci—dwelt there. But he fled from Florence at the time of a political outbreak, and whether he was numbered with the living or the dead no one knew—for he never returned.

Bernotti has lived there many years—the location and the interior comfort please him greatly. From the roofed terrace, or upper loggia, he can see the Ponte del Vecchio and the numerous boats gliding beneath. He can also turn his lights from the narrow streets of the

city to the river surface bediamonded at morning by the sunlight, and rosy-colored by the evening sun.

On entering the house they leave the uninviting ground floor and pass to the second story, where Bernotti drops into a large easy-chair by the open window. The daughter absents herself a while.

Much thought, wonderful dreams, are crowded into that brief interval, the undue amount causing him to press his cold fingers on his burning, throbbing temples.

"Thou needest refreshment, father," comes a voice close to his ear.

As he looks up bewilderedly she draws a tiny table before him, on it a tray of delicacies.

The silver salver of golden fruit, the purple grapes, among which a warm red lingers, tempt his eye and palate. With her own hand she pours from a caraffa near by a glass of ruby-colored wine, lifts it to his lips, then fills one for herself.

"To these crowning years of life, to the present!" exclaim they in unison; and the toast is a fervent one.

Theirs is not only the holy tie that binds father and child; not alone pride of possession and force of intellect that assert supremacy, but understanding and mutual companionship are the hinges on which their lives swing. To no one can he disclose secret thoughts, inward notions, mighty plans as he can to Carlotta. His very inspirations are met by hers, and their combined ideas flow into a powerful singleness.

They had passed years in Florence—the beloved wife and mother had died there. She, too, had caroled like a bird. Carlotta had often heard her father speak of those sweet songs. And the child, whose advent had cost the mother her life, was a sacred trust to Bernotti. Had not the last words been of her—a solemn charge? And the wishes of his darling wife, Faustina, could never be disregarded; his love for her lived in her offspring.

"At last, Carlotta, I have realized my dream, and yet, *filia*, there is much to be done. We will teach the people

what music is. They shall rise with us to that harmonious sphere, and be deaf to the discord of earth."

For he is not selfish in his art; he must impart to others what he himself feels.

"And thy voice, my bird," he continues, "shall take them where they have never been. As high as the lark soareth they shall go, following thee, indeed, until they lose their physical existence. Now give me thine approval, child, as a true reminder and sharer of my joy."

"It spake within my voice, father, when in the cathedral. I could not subdue the rapturous flow; it would repeat itself at every interval. Thy glory is my glory, and without thee I should not live!"

"Nay, nay, *filia*, do not so surely say." But a similar thought cowered within his own brain, and an unknown dread seized him.

"May the years spare us both!" said he, fervently and reverently.

Then, bending down, he looked into the glowing eyes lifted up to his, observed the parted lips, through which the breath of excitement and emotion came quickly. In an instant he divined *what* she would be.

"My own child, my Carlotta! murmured he, in admiration, kissing the white brow.

The night came slowly down. A long time father and child remained there, with no light but that of the distant stars, that claimed their vision more than the dim lights of the city.

II.

Bernotti has scarcely realized until now the height to which he has climbed. Yet his memory is faithful. It trends to past years—to the time when he stood, a ragged, delicate-looking *poverino*, on the quay at Florence, in his hand a small, cracked violin his father had bequeathed him with his last breath. It was all he had, poor man! The boy had been instructed by him until

sickness and suffering terminated the lessons. Father and son had lived alone, Bernotti's mother having died when he was a boy of twelve.

But the sunny land of song had germinated the seeds in the boy's heart, and the few by-standers that had listened at evening to his sweet voice and quaint ditties had now increased in numbers. The *quattrini* were thrown with genuine pleasure into his little brown hands as he passed timidly among them.

"Why do you not carry a monkey, boy, and teach him smart tricks?" said old Monna Marcia, standing near her stall, her arms akimbo. And, beckoning, she tendered him some pieces of dried fruit and bread. He had spent many nights under her roof when the *quattrini* were plenty.

His lip curled with contempt.

"I am not like them," he would reply: "like the ones who think only of sleep and drink. I play because I must; I feel it here!" excitedly beating his breast. "It is music of which I dream—not of a clown's life!"

She could only stare in amazement. A *poverino* like him should not have such ideas. She wondered if the devil was lying in wait for his soul. Something in the boy's eyes when he talked of his music led her to believe it. She had heard of such things before.

And the months passed, and fresher life came to Bernotti. He had changed his customary corner for another, and another, as an inward influence encouraged his steps.

One day he had walked a greater distance than he had ever known. He looked up at a massive white marble building towering beside him. There were many persons entering it, and departing from its doors. The faces impressed him; all were so full of fire, energy, soul.

He carelessly laid his fingers on the beloved instrument; and, having tuned it, a slow, sweet melody trembled on the air. With his cheek resting on the edge of the violin, eyes downcast, a happy smile illuminating his face, what wonder that he observed no one near

until an abrupt tap on his shoulder aroused him, and a gruff voice bade him "Begone, or play less; for the maestro's in there; it might disturb him and the singers."

The admonisher could not interpret the trembling lip, nor the sudden welling of scalding tears. But some one else could; he also had been a listener, though an unobserved one.

"Come with me boy," said he, unheeding the astonishment of the gaping fault-finder.

And Bernotti obeyed with a horrible dread of punishment, imprisonment—perhaps a beating; for the signor looked stern and forbidding then.

Into an apartment in that same grand building, he led the ragged one.

"Now play," said he; "play that which pleases you best."

The tone was direct, yet kind; and the boy gathered assurance and obeyed. He forgot everything except his father's face. In a misty outlook he could see him smiling and encouraging. And the music approached the character of the spheres; seeming to reach that far-clime where the parent dwelt.

Suddenly he felt a touch on his arm—an excited, almost rough, touch. Two glowing eyes gazed into his; a voice suppressed with excitement exclaimed:

"Boy, thy fortune lieth in those slim fingers! Choose now; wilt thou come to me and hear and learn nothing but music until thou diest, or go back to thy street fiddling? Quick, I await thine answer!"

"If thou believest I can—" faltered the boy; but a sudden interruption burst from the maestro:

"Yes or no? That will be all I shall ask thee!"

The awed "yes" pleased the questioner.

It had been years since that meeting. Bernotti had never forgotten his benefactor. Of all music he had chosen the organ as a means of communicating his soul's language. A stubborn refusal had come, at first, from the maestro. But he saw the boy's propensity for the

instrument, and knew, by intuition, he must not gainsay him.

And to-day had crowned all the years of toil, untiring energy and perseverance,—he had planned and built his beloved organ. To-morrow the outside world would hear and know what had been secreted within his breast. Until then, sweet sleep and dreams of glory.



III.

Weeks had passed since the feast day of San Bernardo. To the people assembled at the Cathedral of Santa Croce the day was, indeed, a memorable one. Not alone for the sacredness and the duties of the service,—the stirring words of Fra Lorenzo, the old white-haired priest,—but for the wonderful music and the matchless voice of Carlotta.

Since then the doors had been thronging with devotees. Many knelt at that door and altar that had long been absent: now attracted by the far-famed reputation of the father and the child.

To the sweet singer above, at the carved *leggio*, no vain-glory or triumph came, beyond that of the spirit's exultancy. She had no desire to encourage such feelings. The music flowing through her being struggled for an outlet, and found its way.

Each Lord's Day, as she looked at the kneeling masses below, the thought came: "They shall rise with me; the force of my art shall lift them up—up where the Highest Choir singeth and melody is eternal."

Therein lay her thought of the world. For she knew of grief-stricken parents that knelt there, longing for surcease of sorrow, whose hearts craved a magic thawing,

She thought of the unloved men and women life had disappointed, that came for respite from soul-wounds; thought of the contrite sinners, of harrassed worldlings—creatures bound in self; and to one and all she addressed herself.

That is why they came day after day, week after week. What voice had yet penetrated their hearts as hers? What one beyond mere mechanical skill and breadth of compass had they known?

"She must never leave us!" cried they with one accord,—the rapturous, entranced people.

"Never leave us!" echoed from the father's heart; and separation seemed a future too dim to be questioned.

The month of August was approaching. The season was sultry and enervating. Already rumors of the malignant fever were afloat. But the scourge seemed far removed, and the awe-stricken faces soon resumed their wonted laughter and serenity, while prayers for health were offered daily.

The youngest and beautiful are summoned first. Does it not always seem so? Before a week had elapsed the voice in the cathedral was unheard—the organ fingered by a stranger-hand.

In a dimly-lighted apartment a father held the burning hands of his child. Frenzied with grief, he beheld the Dread Destroyer, knowing, from the spotted cheeks, crimson hue, and raving incoherency, that the Merciless One was there. Then he gave himself up to despair,—courted death for his loved one's sake. A survival, alone and unloved, was rejected with anguish.

Few came near. How could they, knowing the terrible contagion! Yet aid was engaged, and of the best.

What sufficed it all, when a heavenly seal had stamped the clammy brow—a gentle force was drawing the soul away, higher, afar!

When the first rays of morning sun smote the grayness, a silent figure bowed in locked despair before a lifeless form—the voice of Carlotta had joined another choir.

In some way the news spread quickly. Words of sympathy and love were carried to the parent's ear. They but revived his sorrow. If he could only forget—forget everything!

How could he with her before him, cut down in her youthful bloom? Through his brain no tender melodies sped; his fingers were idle; his art stilled by a stranger touch.

It all seemed a hideous dream, that coming home a day later, childless and forsaken. In every room her presence spake. There stood the grand piano, the instrument from which marvelous speech had proceeded. But the chair before it was vacant.

"Vacant, oh, God!" he groaned, "and to be so forever!"

In the room where she had died everything was disarranged. It was being fumigated, and resembled a charnal-house; not the dainty nest where his bird had slumbered.

"He is worrying himself into the fever," whispered the nurse and the faithful old door-tender, Sebastian, marking his feverish gaze and weakening frame.

Even then the deadly fever was creeping through his veins.

In a rational moment, while the thought impressed him, he penned a few lines and pinned the paper to a table.

"If I die," he wrote, "tell them to respect the organ. Let no rude touch profane it. It is part of myself, and I shall carry its music with me."

"A strange reminder," mused the nurse, reading the brief note. But he left it there; it was his wish.

Before three days had passed, another victim to the terrible plague had joined the army of the invisible.

And the people mourned in their distant places of refuge; while the cathedral was still silent and deserted.

IV.

December; early morning in Florence. The life-giving frost has spread a transparent sheet on the earth; spires and roofs are tipped and fringed with its breath. about the street there is a look of vitality; for the fever-

fiend has gone,—fled with the early autumn winds. Only saddened memories remain to the inhabitants of the once stricken city; only quiet homes for their dead, and vacant places by the hearthstone.

The interior of Santa Croce sees the sunlight again. Fra Lorenzo still incites the people to God and their duty. In the organ-loft a stranger swept the keys. Around the railing, white-clothed boys now chant the mass strains. But the people have lost the fervor that distinguished them when Bernotti played. They are no longer spell-bound; their gaze wanders aimlessly over the building: they pine for the beloved maestro, his music, and more than all, for Carlotta.

A few days later they are assembled for vespers. In the midst of the service—the most impressive part—soft harmonies arise from the organ-loft.

Whom can it be? The instrument is locked; the master below. Fra Lorenzo had requested “no music to be given at this solemn service.” But his own voice had chanted the prayers.

The music becomes louder, grander, and more familiar. Surely they have heard that melody before.

Ah, yes! it is a composition of Bernotti's. With it a peerless voice rises in rapture.

Those nearest the organ-loft behold a beloved form seated at the instrument, his hands on the keys, that even departure from the material cannot withdraw. The same individuality of touch, the same harmonies and plaintive minor chords, again thrilled the expectant people. And when the beautiful melody glides into a *largetto* movement, and a peerless voice, more of heaven than earth, revives a long-silent strain, they look again in marvelment.

Outlined in the shadow above, are a pair of grandly-developed shoulders, an erectly poised head, and a full, white throat that all remember. The outline gleams like the phosphorescent beauty on the night-waves.

Even the old white-haired priest, standing before the

altar, cannot restrain his emotion. He rubs his eyes, wondering whether a vision has come to him.

He learns better, however, when one broad-shouldered fellow, that has been induced to ascend, returns and says :

“Santa Maria! I could not enter the place. It was icy cold ; my breath frosted the glass door before me, as if it had been a mid-winter day.”

But he does not tell them that he has actually seen both the maestro and Carlotta ; that they have smiled into his blanching face. “They would not believe me,” he decides.

“It was only a vision we saw from down-stairs ; it soon faded away,” he hears them say.

But Fra Lorenzo and he know. And the former believes that the days of miracles are come again.

NINA PICTON,

in Frank Leslie's Weekly.

THE SCHOOL ROOM.

You ask me to describe it, and I will:—
 The walls are bare, save where the useful board
 In ebon blackness, doth the sides adorn.
 Glancing around on stiff-backed chairs and desks
 You'd say,—“Indeed, this room tells but of gloom.”
 Not so, my friend, for at yon window, where
 The autumn wind now sobs so mournfully,
 The glorious sunlight enters, and lights up
 The locks and flowing tresses of my girls,
 Whose hearts are full of trusting innocence
 As morning blossoms are of drops of dew :
 And when to me their youthful faces turn,
 I seem to hear an angel whispering—
 “Lift up thy heart to God, and pray that He
 May grant the strength and wisdom from on high
 To train with loving truth these tender plants.”

You tell me, friend, how your young blossoms grow—
 The rose, the violet, and the lily fair,
 You train, and in the employment sweet you learn

New lessons from them of the Father's love ;
 'Tis thus these human blossoms I do tend ;
 For I have violets, roses, lilies here.

That fair young girl before me, could you see,
 With gentle eyes upraised, and note the hue
 Which steals into her cheeks as she repeats
 The truths culled from the lore of centuries,
 You would not need my words to tell you that
 This maiden fair, with trusting heart and eyes,
 Breathes forth a sweeter fragrance from her soul
 Than south-wind from the snowy lily robs ;
 So pure, I call her " Lily of the Vale."

And all around me crimson roses glow
 With hope, health, joy and happy innocence.

One snow-white blossom have I—sad to say !—
 " Pale as sea-bleached shell"—a lovely one,
 Whose fragrance is too sweet and pure for earth.
 Not long she'll linger on the parent stem ;
 For soon His reaper will the Father send
 And gather that sweet flower to bloom again
 In fadeless beauty on the shining shore.

I will now put back the clustering leaves
 And bring my modest violets forth to light,
 For mine here bloom for me, as yours for you,
 Hiding their beauty, not their fragrancy.
 And now, my gentle friend, you cannot say
 With a sad smile, " This room tells but of gloom."
 Is it not full of beauty, joy, and life ?
 And do you wonder that I love my work,
 And feel my heart grow tender 'neath the touch,
 The " waxen touch" that " baby fingers" give ?
 For fair young children are as babes to us
 Who long have toiled along life's dusty path,
 And borne the heat and conflict of the day.
 Ah ! what a wealth of gladness, music, love,
 Deep in the untroubled hearts of children dwell !
 One, with the vision and the faculty divine,
 Hath likened their young souls to golden harps,
 Dread privilege is mine, to touch these chords,
 To play upon these strings whose slightest tones
 Will vibrate through eternity : my friend,
 Pray now for me that my unskillful hands
 May never make a discord on these harps,
 That I, by heavenly fingers led, may strike
 Notes which on high will float, to join the strain
 That angels sing when bending round God's throne

Eleanor Churchill Gibbs.

Dallas Academy.

WOMAN IN SHAKESPEARE.

(Read before the N. T. Lupton Conversation Club.)

“But stronger Shakespeare felt for man alone ;
Drawn by his pen our ruder passions stand,
Th’ unrivalled picture of his early hand.”

So sings the poet Collins, after praising Fletcher’s faithful delineation of “every glowing thought that warms the female mind,” and lamenting Jonson’s loss of nature in art. The earlier critics of Shakspeare accept this opinion, for the most part, without demur, and some of them seek an excuse for the supposed weakness of his female characters in the fact that the poet conceived their parts under the impression that they would always be played by boys, according to the invariable custom of the stage in his day. It is argued that under such circumstances he could only hope to portray woman as “the lesser man ;” and the freedom of speech and action, with which his heroines sometimes shock modern ideas of feminine reserve and delicacy, is cited in further proof that this was the limit of his purpose. We can well imagine that some personal feeling on the part of the dramatist lies back of his picture of the Egyptian Queen’s indignant shrinking from the prospect of seeing “some squeaking Cleopatra boy forth” her greatness, and the thought that such a fate awaited the fair creations of his brain would surely have chilled a less glowing fancy. More recent critics, however, are generally agreed that this reflection did not materially affect the workings of the mighty mind of Shakespeare. His women are almost universally regarded as fit companion pieces for his men in all the essential qualities of their sex. As to their unconventionality of word and manner we must remember that they but hold a mirror to the conversation and conduct of the most refined and cultured women of the age of “Good Queen Bess.”

Hazlitt says : " No one ever hit the true perfection of the female character as Shakespeare ; " and Mrs. Jameson's " Characteristics of Women " is an ardent tribute to the power and delicacy of his presentation of womanhood in all its phases. Ruskin even asserts, broadly, that Shakespeare has no heroes, but only heroines, declaring that the catastrophe of every play is caused always by the folly or fault of a man ; the redemption, if there be any, by the wisdom and virtue of a woman ; and gives a startling enumeration of instances corroborating his position.

This wide divergence of views, with regard to Shakespeare's treatment of woman, is, perhaps, the highest testimony to his fidelity to the many sidedness of feminine nature that could be adduced. For what are these views but a reproduction of the conflicting ideas of woman's position and influence that different ages and individuals have formed from their study of her in history and experience.

Certain notable facts, equally true of the women of Shakespeare and the women of real life, probably lie at the root of the varying impressions made by both. Of these the most conspicuous is the subordinate position held by woman in the public economy of the world and, nominally, even in private life. This position necessitates the pursuit of her aims and purposes by more or less indirect methods, and leaves her agency often unnoticed by the cursory observer, when in reality all powerful. Her naturally timid and modest disposition is thus intensified by the situation in which she is placed, and every effort of training is put forth in the same direction. Prominence in any respect is set before her as a thing to be avoided, and she is taught to aspire only to silent influence. But influence is none the less strong because silent. He who looks below the surface of events will find a steady current of feminine purpose ruling many a winding of the stream of time, while the effect it has produced on the lives of individual men is often unmistakable. As has been well said, many a proud man moves through life as

some stately ship glides into harbor, apparently progressing solely by his own efforts, when a closer examination will show a little tug of a wife close to his side, the true propelling force.

Shakespeare, none the less than life, presents us with example after example of men who are, more or less openly, led on to the determining acts of their lives by the influence of women. That serpent of the Nile, Marc Antony's delight and destruction, sways the world as truly in the impassioned scenes of "Antony and Cleopatra," as on the stage of history. She "whose infinite variety, age could not stale nor custom wither," who did "make defect perfection," and "breathless breath forth power" is a vivid impersonation of the real Cleopatra, who was the arbiter of the destinies of heroes and nations. Lady Macbeth is the real architect of her husband's fortunes, in spite of the fact that the finer sensibilities of her sex could not withstand the strain of actually seeing her husband "wade through slaughter to the throne," to which she had shown him the path. Juliet, though in the eyes of some but a fond and foolish girl, led Romeo captive at her will to the oblivion of family pride and worldly prudence; and, as Ruskin suggests, would have carried out successfully a wise and entirely brave strategem had it not been brought to a ruinous issue by the reckless impatience of her husband. As for Portia, in the "Merchant of Venice," that "perfect woman nobly planned"—what must have been the fate of the amiable Bassanio and his ill-starred friend Antonio without her wise aid. Of all Shakespeare's female characters she is most fully rounded. Logical in thought, fertile in invention, ready in wit, and resolute in action, she is yet full of all tender and generous sentiment. A sunniness of nature that gilds all she touches, adds its charm to these more solid qualities, and enables her to fulfill the true mission of woman, which is to hope where man despairs, to be patient where he is reckless, to trust where his faith fails.

One of the most marked characteristics of woman, and one that contributes largely to the apparent inconsequence of her actions, is the possession of more acute and delicate sensibilities than man. In her emotional nature lies her greatest strength, and her greatest weakness. The conflict between her strong sensibilities, and the timidity and reserve to which nature and education alike incline her is productive of a thousand inconsistencies. Like a stream that has long gathered strength and volume in a circuitous underground passage, the soul of the most self-contained of women is liable at any time to burst forth in a gush of feeling that sweeps all before it. Although for the most part a willing subject to the conventionalities of life, she can on occasion, as Hazlett phrases it, "forego the forms of propriety for its essence," with a boldness undreamt of by man. Indeed when once the restraints, behind which ordinarily she rests as in a safe shelter, are pushed aside by the sweep of some overmastering passion, she pauses at nothing. This fact is thoroughly grasped by Shakespeare. The gentle Desdemona does not hesitate to make a stand against her father, or in the face of the Venetian Senate, for the man her heart has chosen; the modest Viola to serve her lord in the guise of a page; or the obedient Miranda to forget her awe of the mighty Prospero in her longing to cheer the cruel labors of his captive. Nor do any of these strike us as unfeminine in thus transcending their ordinary characteristics in great emergencies.

But of all the characteristics that tend to make woman a mystery to man, none is more effective in that direction than her disposition to be faithful to individuals rather than to ideas, and, if necessary, at the expense of the latter. It is this that often makes her actions so totally unaccountable to his differently constituted mind, and he utterly fails to comprehend a fidelity which is directed towards a person rather than a purpose or a cause. This sympathy with the individual, rather than the general, is universal among women, and is regarded

by Mrs. Browning as the distinctive mark of the feminine nature. She very pertinently inquires:—

“ Does one of you
Stand still from dancing, stop from stringing pearls,
And pine and die because of the great sum
Of universal anguish? Show me a tear,
Wet as Cordelia's, in eyes bright as yours
Because the world is mad; a red-haired child
Sick in a fever, if you touch him once,
Though but so little as with a finger-tip,
Will set you weeping; but a million sick
You could as soon weep for the rule of three
Or compound fractions;”

So sympathetic to the personal pang, and yet so hard to general suffering is woman, and Shakespeare does not neglect to bring out this peculiarity of hers in full strength. The return of the good Duke in “Measure for Measure” means to the noble Isabella the saving of her worthless brother rather than the delivery of the state. Ophelia moves unharmed amid the court of Denmark, conscious only of love and cherishing even from the treacherous and dissolute Queen, until she finds herself brought in personal contact with the horrors about her by seeing their fatal effect upon those nearest and dearest to her.

The more one studies Shakespeare's women, the more the conviction grows that there is nothing in feminine nature so subtle or elusive as to have escaped his discerning eye; nothing so evanescent as to have evaded his vivid pen. His women present the elemental characters of their prototypes and throw a valuable sidelight on the study of life. They are the real women imprisoned for study, as the microscopist holds captive the most delicate objects, with the hues of life still upon them.

KATE LUPTON.

"THE RING AND THE BOOK."

[Read before the Thursday Literary Circle.]

George Henry Lewes, in his "Life of Goethe," says: "A master-piece excites no sudden enthusiasm; it must be studied much and long before it is fully comprehended; We must grow up to it, for it will not descend to us. Its emphasis grows with familiarity. We never become disenchanted; we grow more and more awe-struck at its infinite wealth. We discover no trick, for there is none to discover. Homer, Shakespeare, Raphael, Beethoven, Mozart, never storm the judgment; but once fairly in possession, they retain it with increasing influence."

From this point of view Browning's masterpiece may be studied with much profit and satisfaction, but the reader who seeks in books a source of languid pleasure need not turn its pages. The story of the old manuscript, the sale of Pompilia to Count Guido, his subsequent cruelty, her rescue by the young priest, their pursuit, the separation of husband and wife, the murder of Pompilia and her foster-parents by Guido and his band, their trial and condemnation, and the affirmation of their sentence by the Pope is retold by each participant in the several narratives of "The Ring and the Book."

As if to refute the charge of obscurity, so often brought against him, the poet, by comparing the crude facts between the "crumpled vellum covers" to the "ignot of gold ere the ring is made," explains even the meaning of his title. His own task he briefly outlines as similar to the artificer's, who

—"Mingles gold
With gold's alloy, and, duly tempering both,
Effects a manageable means."

In the monologues, which make up the contents of the book, the poet imparts his intellectual and soul-life to the incidents of the Roman murder-case, which constitutes the frame-work of the poem.

He discloses the one great secret of authorcraft when he says :—

“ I fused my live soul and that inert-stuff,
Before attempting smithcraft.”

Each statement in the various versions of the tragedy, is a new revelation of this wonderful personality.

There are no tiresome repetitions in the chapters wherein the facts of the case are recorded, for each story is instinct with the life of the author.

Herein lies the highest worth of all poetry, overlooked by readers who occupy themselves with interpretations of the letter of the book, instead of endeavoring to reach, through the letter, the spirit, of which the letter is but an imperfect expression.

The special phases of Browning's intellect as revealed in this production of his genius are almost innumerable. The poem is probably richer in materials of a more varied character than any other extant.

The circumstances involved in the murder case adapts it admirably to the poet's plan of unfolding the truth of the story by contrasting the true and false versions of the facts. In the dramatic monologues, the poet's favorite mode of expression, he tells the truth in Art's way—the only way in which it is possible to speak to mankind. It is this fusion of the artist's soul which renders responsive the soul of the reader, and induces the right attitude towards the True by sympathy with the personality revealed in the relation of the circumstances.

The Poet takes every conceivable attitude towards the incidents of the case, but fixes the truth in every instance by disclosing the sources of error and presenting the conditions upon which the correction of error depends.

Browning purchases the “old yellow book,” containing the facts of the murder case, at a queer little stall, not by chance, but because a Hand, always above his shoulder, pushed him one day across a square in Florence, toward's Baccio's marble.

These facts he transposes into the versified narratives of "The Ring and the Book," mingling his own fancy with the mass in order to make "it bear hammer and be firm to file."

In the prelude the poet so clearly states the contents of the "small-quarto size, part print, part manuscript," that the reader knows at once the whole truth. The first chapter presents the opinion of "Half-Rome" concerning the startling crime of uxorcide, and the second the contrary view of "The Other Half Rome." Out of these two extremes the poet sums up the conservative verdict of the Roman populace announced in the "Tertium Quid." The statements of Guido—of Caponsacchi—of Pompilia—of the Pope—of Hyacinthus and Bottinius—and the Poet's Epilogue, are given in the remaining chapters.

Guido's defense is a masterpiece of ingenious entreaty. His reply to the grave charge of murder embodies every plea which wisdom can devise to save his neck. He tells his patrician judges that he is the representative of a great line,

" One of the first of the old families
In Arezzo, ancientest of Tuscan towns,"

and invokes their pride of caste in behalf of the noble House of Franceschini. He urges upon their consideration the statement that he is not a monster of cruelty, but a man past the prime of life, out of health, and tortured by "the play o' the probe" in his heart. He says:

" Four years have I been operated on
I' the soul, do you see—its tense or tremulous part—
My self-respect, my care for a good name,
Pride in an old one, love of kindred - just
A mother, brothers, sisters, and the like.
That looked up to my face wnen days were dim,
And fancied they found light there—no one spot,
Foppishly sensitive, but has paid its pang."

He appeals to the vanity of the Court, and pleads for compassion by attributing his sins to the decrees of fate :

“Will my lords, in the plentitude of their light,
Weigh well that all this trouble has come on me
Through my persistent treading in the paths
Where I was trained to go,—wearing that yoke
My shoulder was predestined to receive,
Born to the hereditary stoop and crease !”

He attempts to extenuate his sordid bargain with Pietro and Violante by reminding the Court that marriages of convenience are very common among noblemen. He sees no reason why he should ransack

“ Those old odd corners of an empty heart
For remnants of dim love the long disused,
And dusty crumblings of romance !”

But the artful Guido does not fail to bespeak their commiseration because he did not find “all wifeliness” in his wife,—

“As when I buy, timber and twig, a tree—
I buy the song o’ the nightingale inside.”

Guido’s specious sophistry does not, however, for a moment mislead one in “the feel after truth.” The reader is sure of Guido’s guilt before his fatal blunder in the presentation of his case. Overpowered by the certainty of his doom, and all the ignominy and shame of it, he unconsciously discloses his faith in Pompilia’s innocence by the acknowledgment of his son :

“The child I had died to see though in a dream,
The child I was bid strike out for, beat the wave
And baffled the tide of troubles where I swam,
So I might touch the shore, lay down life at last
At the feet so dim and distant and divine
Of the apparition, as ’t were Mary’s babe
Had held, through night and storm, the torch aloft;—
Born now in very deed to bear this brand
On forehead and curse me who could not save !”

Guido’s statement is followed by Caponsacchi’s recital of the circumstances of the tragedy.

His monologue begins with startling abruptness. There are no arguments or entreaties in Caponsacchi's statement. He simply obeys the summons of the court, and makes no attempt to prove the facts he relates. He knows that his version of the tragedy is true, and does not therefore doubt that it will be so regarded. His words though are useless, so far as Pompilia's fate is concerned, and realizing this he cannot refrain from saying—"Pompilia is only dying while I speak."

As he obeys the command of the court to repeat the circumstances connected with his half successful attempt to save Pompilia, it is evidently Caponsacchi's purpose to restrict his utterances to a statement of the facts in the case. But the thought that the judges might have averted the murder, if they had only listened to his story before, wrings from his lips the sad reproach :

"I left Pompilia to your watch and ward,
And now you point me—there and thus she lies !
* * * * * Then,

You were wrong, you see; that's well to see, though late:
That's all we may expect of man, this side
The grave, his good is—knowing he is bad."

As he contrasts the beauty of Pompilia's child-like soul with the hideous deformity of Guido's, Caponsacchi is further betrayed into an impassioned description of the Count's future :

"And thus I see him slowly and surely edged
Off all the table-land whence life upsprings
Aspiring to be immortality,
As the snake, hatched on hill-top by mischance,
Despite his wriggling, slips, slides, slidders down
Hill-side, lies low and prostrate on the smooth
Level of the outer place, lapsed in the vale :
So I lose Guido in the loneliness
Silence and dusk, till at the doleful end,
At the horizontal line, creation's verge,
From what just is to absolute nothingness—
Whom is it, straining onward still, he meets ?
What other man deep further in the fate,
Who, turning at the prize of a footfall
To flatter him and promise fellowship,

Discovers in the act a frightful face—
 Judas, made monstrous by much solitude !

* * * * *
 There let them grapple, denizens o' the dark,
 Foes or friends but indissolubly bound
 In their one spot out of the ken of God
 Or care of man, forever and evermore."

In Caponsacchi's monologue, Browning sets forth the dominant idea of the poem, and of his whole message as a poet. The idea that the adjusting of the soul to a new centre, or its being born anew is the inevitable result of its coming in contact with a higher personality.

The first glimpse of Pompilia awakens the soul of Caponsacchi to "the marvelous dower of the life it was gifted and filled with." In speaking of this starting-point of his new life, Caponsacchi endeavors to explain his soul-quickenings. He finds it impossible, however, to make plain the mystery of regeneration, and he can only tell the judges of his consciousness of passing out of a life of dalliance and pleasure into another state, wherein his church seemed to say for the first time,

"But am I not the Bride, the mystic love
 O' the Lamb, who took thy plighted troth, my priest,
 To fold thy warm heart on my heart of stone
 And freeze thee nor unfasten any more?"

The genuineness of his conversion is attested by his acquiescence. Like the great apostle he was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision. He says:

"Sirs I obeyed. Obedience was too strange,—
 This new thing that had been struck into me
 By the look o' the lady,—to dare disobey
 The first authoritative word. 'Twas God's.
 I had been lifted to the level of her,
 Could take such sounds into my sense. I said,
 'We two are cognizant o' the Master now;
 She it is bids me bow the head; how true,
 I am a priest! I see the function here;
 I thought the other way self-sacrifice:
 This is the true, seals up the perfect sum.
 I pay it, sit down, silently obey.'"

Caponsacchi is not unmindful of the construction which the world will place upon his attempt to free Pompilia from the cruel husband, of whom she says :

“ He laid a hand on me that burned all peace,
All joy, all hope, and last all fear away,
Dipping the bough of life, so pleasant once,
In fire which shrivelled leaf and bud alike.”

But the condemnation of the world is naught, in his estimation, compared to the picture of the unhappy wife,—

“ There at the window stood,
Framed in its black square length, with lamp in hand,
Pompilia; the same great, grave, grievful air
As stands i' the dusk, on altar that I know,
Left alone with one moonbeam in her cell,
Our Lady of all the Sorrows.”

He heeds her pitiful petition, and recounts the events of their mournful journey and its tragic end.

Pompilia's story is the best statement of the entire book. She tells it with a simplicity which is the highest form of art.

As if to absolve herself from all blame connected with the incidents of her sorrowful life, she states her age: “ I am just seventeen years and five months old.” The artless child does not dwell upon her fatal wounds or shrink from death, she only relates the facts :

“ The surgeon cared for me,
To count my wounds,—twenty-two dagger wounds,
Five deadly, but I do not suffer much—
Or too much pain,—and am to die to-night.”

It does not occur to the innocent Pompilia that it is worth while to waste any part of life, much less its last moments, in puzzling over the mysteries of pain and death.

She knows that she will soon be in the presence of the Great Judge, and she seems to feel sure that He will make all things plain to her simple understanding.

Her dying testimony is merely a review of the circumstances of her life, but it is the most eloquent appeal which the poet makes to the sympathies of the reader. She says:

“ All the seventeen years.
Not once did a suspicion visit me
How very different a lot is mine
From any other woman's in the world.
The reason must be, 't was by step and step
It got to grow so terrible and strange.
These strange woes stole on tiptoe, as it were,
Into my neighborhood and privacy,
Sat down where I sat, laid them where I lay;
And I was found familiarized with fear.

I never had a father.—no, nor yet
A mother: my own boy can say at least,
' I had a mother whom I kept two weeks! ”
Not I who little use to doubt * * * I doubt
Good Pietro, kind Vio ante, gave me birth?
They loved me always as I love my babe
(—Nearly so, that is, quite so could not be—)

Well, God, you see! God plants us where we grow.
It is not that, because a bud is born
At a wild brier's end, full i' the wild beast's way,
We ought to pluck and put it out of reach
On the oak-tree top,—say, ' there the bud belongs.'

She meant well: has it been so ill i' main?
That is but fair to ask: one cannot judge
Of what has been the ill or well of life,
The day that one is dying,—Sorrows change
Into not altogether sorrow-like;
I do see strangeness, but scarce misery
Now it is over, and no danger more.

Yes, everybody that leaves life sees all
Softened and bettered: so with other sights:
To me at least was never evening yet
But seemed far beautifuller than its day,
For past is past.”

The only harsh words of Pompilia's narrative are contained in her description of Guido, and her account of their marriage:

Guido Franceschini.—old
And nothing like so tall as myself,
Hook-nosed and yellow in a bush of beard,

Much like a thing I saw on a boy's wrist,
He called an owl and used for catching birds.

* * * * *

And straight-way down
From what's behind the altar where he hid—
Hawk-nosed and yellowness and bush and all,
Stepped Guido, caught my hand, and there was I
O' the chancel, and the priest had opened book,
Read here and there, made me say that and this,
And after, told me I was now a wife.

* * * * *

All since is one blank,
Over and ended; a terrific dream."

Her defense of the young priest who sacrificed his good name for her sake, is an exquisite refutation of the slander and calumny of the world :

" Yes, my last breath shall wholly spend itself
In one attempt more to disperse the stain,
The mists from other breath foul mouths have made,
About a lustrous and pellucid soul;
So that, when I am gone but sorrow stays,
And people need assurance in their doubt
If God yet have a servant, man a friend,
The weak a savior, and the vile a foe.—
Let him be present, by the name invoked,
Giuseppe-Maria Caponsacchi!"

In accord with her gentle character, the murdered Pompilia finally forgives her implacable enemy, and expresses the hope that God may mercifully absolve Guido from the consequences of his crime :

"For that most woful man my husband once,
Who, needing respite, still draws vital breath,
I—pardon him? So far as lies in me,
I give him for his good the life he takes,
Praying the world will therefore acquiesce.
Let him make God amends,—none, none to me.

We shall not meet in this world nor the next,
But where will God be absent? In His face
Is light, but in His shadow healing too;
Let Guido touch the shadow and be healed."

The speeches of Hyacinthus and Bottinius are the only prosy recitals of the whole book. However, the flimsy arguments and interminable technicalities of their

accounts lessen the painful effect of the preceding chapters—a purpose which the poet evidently intended to subserve.

The Poet's deep and subtle insight into the genius of the Church of Rome is more clearly defined in the Pope's *Soiiloquy* than in any other statement of the case.

It is questionable whether any work embodies a finer representative of its doctrines and polity than the godly Pope who replies to the fickle populace ;

“ A voice other than yours
Quickens my spirit. ‘ Quis pro Domino ’
Who is upon the Lord's side ?’ asked the Count,
I, who write—

“ On receipt of this command,
Acquaint Count Guido and his fellows four
They die to-morrow.’ ”

In the Pope's discourse, the Poet's idea of conversion is more distinctly prefigured than in *Caponsacchi's* recital. As he signs Guido's death-warrant, he exclaims :

“ I stood at Naples once, a night so dark
I could have scarce conjectured there was earth
Anywhere, sky or sea or world at all:
But the night's black was burst through by a blaze—
Thunder struck blow on blow, earth groaned and bore,
Through her whole length of mountain visible:
There lay the city thick and plain with spires;
And, like a ghost disshrouded, white the sea.
So may the truth be flashed out by one blow,
And Guido see, one instant, and be saved.”

His delineation of *Pompilia's* character is an excellent representation of the seventeenth century ideal of womanhood. It presents, in the first instance, a striking contrast to the nineteenth century type :

“ It was not given *Pompilia* to know much,
Speak much, to write a book, to move mankind,
Be memorized by who records my time.
Yet if in purity and patience, if
In faith held fast despite the plucking fiend,
Safe like the signet stone with the new name
That saints are known by,—if in right returned
For wrong, most pardon for worst injury,

If there be any virtue, any praise,—
 Then will this woman-child have proved—who knows?—
 Just the one prize vouchsafed unworthy me,
 Seven years a gardener of the untoward ground.

* * * *

First of the first,
 Such I pronounce Pompilia, then as now
 Perfect in whiteness; stoop thou down, my child,
 Give one good moment to the poor old Pope
 Heartsick at having all his world to blame—
 Let me look at thee in the flesh as erst,
 Let me enjoy the clean linen garb,
 Not the new splendid vesture!"

The great moral of the poem is set forth in the summary of "The Book and the Ring:"

"The lesson that our human speech is naught,
 Our human testimony false, our fame
 And human estimation words and wind."

This being the "final state o' the story," why was the rough ore of the manuscript rounded into the golden ring of verse? To,—

"Twice show truth,
 Beyond mere imagery on the wall,—
 So note by note, bring music from your mind,
 Deeper than ever e'en Beethoven dived,—
 So write a book shall mean beyond the facts,
 Suffice the eye and save the soul beside."

To impress upon this analytic, scientific age the idea that the incompleteness of life is the prophecy of an existence perfect and complete.

M. LAF. R.





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